

his question. So far as I had any knowledge, I had never heard the name 'Mormon' spoken before. He questioned me some and said, 'Have you ever heard the name of Brigham Young? His name is always associated with that body of religious people. I then remembered that as a child I once heard my father use his name, the occasion being when his sister died. He said, 'I am sorry she did not die (so many) years ago. Then we would have gone with others to America and joined in the Brigham Young party.' That was the only time I had ever heard the name used, so far as I have any knowledge.' "

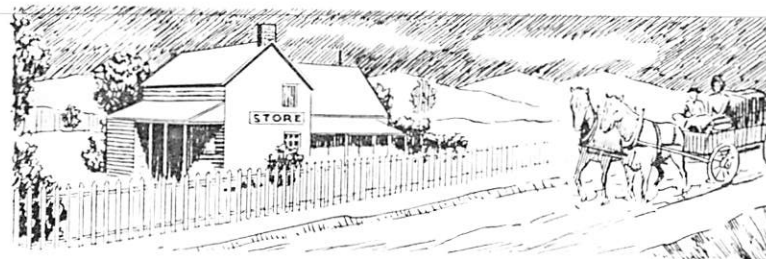
"We continued our conversation on this matter for some minutes. He informed me that he had lived and worked in Salt Lake City as a carpenter for Bishop Romney for eight years. Strange to say I had no recollection of ever having heard the name of Salt Lake City before. Mr. Cowley said that he had been assigned to place the beak on the Eagle which hovers over Eagle Gate, on two occasions, because boys had thrown stones and knocked it off. He told me some of his experiences in Salt Lake City. . . .

"A few days later, Mr. Cowley came to my office accompanied by two men. They appeared to me to be very strangely dressed for ministers. They had on frock coats and bowler hats. A bowler hat with a frock coat was very poor dress . . . naturally I thought they were trying to use the frock coat without knowing how. Mr. Cowley introduced them as Mr. Warren H. Lyon and Mr. Thomas Griffith, Mormon missionaries . . . they seemed to be just plain fellows. We talked for a few minutes, and as I was quite busy then, I invited them to call I felt they were right."

After going thoroughly into the doctrines of the Mormon people, Samuel Martin was baptized October 16, 1904 in Table Bay, Cape Town, South Africa.

The bakery business thrived for many years and when World War 1 broke out he obtained a contract to supply bread to His Majesty's forces stationed at Cape Town. On the 30th of January, 1916 he, with his family, left South Africa arriving in Boston February 29, 1916. President Nicholas G. and Florence Smith were presiding over the South African Mission at the time the Martin family sailed for America.

Upon their arrival in Utah the Martin family moved to Ogden where he was called to serve in the Bishopric of the 13th Ward from December, 1916 to June, 1925. He served in the High Council of Ogden Stake until March, 1926 when he was called to preside over the South African Mission. Returned from his mission in 1929. Served on the High Council until 1943. Called to be Patriarch of Ogden Stake November 21, 1943 where he served until his death January 22, 1948.—Mrs. Ralph A. Badger



Journal of Lucina Mecham Boren

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." I Cor. 13-13.



THE JOURNAL of Lucina Mecham Boren was written during the evening of her life from notes, records and accounts which she had kept through the years. It is not written in chronological order, several times she refers back to previous happenings. But we chose to publish this journal because of the kind of philosophy Pioneer Boren adopted early in life and which she practiced so faithfully in the rearing of her children, her daily contacts with neighbors and friends, and in all her business dealings. Her acceptance of everyday problems, her desire to conquer them, and the courage she manifested in meeting them are truly typical of a pioneer mother who had an abiding faith in God that He would show the way to all those who follow in His footsteps.

As you read this journal another phase of pioneer life is projected, for Mrs. Boren gives an authentic account of the mode of travel over rough terrain in order to bring merchandise to the little store she kept as a means of livelihood for her family. All the while, she was true to the teachings of her Church, a kindly friend, a loving wife, and a devoted mother. Her sense of fair play and her quaint humor runs through the story like a silver thread.

Many of her last days were spent in the Temples, and then, when she became more dependent upon her children to whom she had been for many years both mother and father after the death of her husband, she, in turn, was lovingly cared for by them.

Mrs. Boren begins her journal with the story of her parents' conversion to Mormonism in 1839. This part of the record was written by her father, Moses Mecham. The greater part of his journal was lost or destroyed.

My Father, Joshua Mechem and Mother, Pernelia Chapman, belonged to the Methodist Church, but for many years I had not really believed in any creed or religion of being of any consequence as there was to my knowledge, none that held the principles contained in the scriptures. I had heard about the deluded Mormons, but nothing good. My cousin Elain Mechem was going to hold a Mormon meeting and asked me to come, but I would not as I would be ashamed to let people know he was a relative of mine. He left a Book of Mormon with me and asked me to read it; I told him if I got time I would. Soon after, I was too sick to go to the store to work, so I thought I would see what was in the book, but before I started I kneeled down and prayed, that I might know if there was any good in it. I read all day; at bedtime my wife went to bed, and I read on until 1 a.m. The next morning I awoke my wife to tell her I knew the Book of Mormon was true, and when I spoke it was in tongues. It frightened my wife, and she sent two of the children to her sister and my brother one and one-fourth miles away. When they came they were very pleased, said I was speaking in tongues. They had already joined the Church. I was convinced of the truth of Mormonism. I thought I would never speak in my own tongue until I was baptized. I applied to Brother Snider for baptism, but he refused on account of so much excitement caused by the mob, but about the tenth of March, 1839 my wife and I were baptized by Elder James Tomlinson and confirmed by Elders James Tomlinson and John Strokes. I was perfectly convinced of the cause of this remarkable occurrence. On April sixth we attended conference at Quincy, Illinois, and I was ordained a Seventy under the hands of Brother Joseph Young and others. In a short time, I started on a mission in company of my brother Lewis Mechem to Montrose, Iowa where my brother was ordained a priest by Elders John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff. We traveled from there to Burlington, changed our course westward, preaching till we came to an Indian village on the Des Moines River, about 125 miles from its mouth. The Indians were of the Saukee and Fo nations; we were treated very kindly by the Indians. We tarried with them through the night, and on the next day. . . ."

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Father was a successful merchant, having a mercantile business and a hop farm. When he joined the Church, the mob came and destroyed everything he had, leaving him destitute with a large family. He then spent much of his time in the interest of the Church. He served as Church police for three years. He was at one time a bodyguard for the Prophet; was also a member of the Nauvoo Legion; he suffered many provocations from his one time friends. After my mother joined the Church, her father would have no more to do with her.



Wilford F. Boren Lucina Mecham Boren Tella Boren Gardner
Grandson Granddaughter

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I am the tenth child of a family of seventeen children. My Father, Moses Mecham; my Mother, Elvira Derby. I was born March 11, 1841 in Lee County, Iowa. My Father and Mother were endowed in the Nauvoo Temple, but were not sealed as that privilege was not given them.

I shall never forget when Mother took me and my baby sister, Elvira to see the Prophet and Patriarch after they were killed by the mob. Mother did not want to take me, as I had no shoes, but I wanted to go. She said, "I will take you so you can always remember you saw the Prophet and his brother." The night they were killed the dogs were howling all night, the people of Nauvoo beat their drums to let the mob know we were on the lookout for them, and now I am eighty-three years old, I cannot help crying whenever I hear a dog howl, or a drum beat.

While we were in Nauvoo I was burned very bad, then caught cold and was very sick. Father was not home; Mother sent for the Elders and a Brother Goddard came and administered to me. He told Mother to wilt a cabbage leaf and put it on the burn and I would be all right. I never suffered any more pain and I have had faith in the Elders ever since.

The day we left Nauvoo, we had not had flour for weeks. Father purchased a little white flour and Mother made some light bread. We children were so anxious to eat we would keep asking how long it would be until we could eat. Our dear patient Mother did not get angry with us as most mothers do, but when we did get to eat, what a feast it was; white bread and milk from old Muly! Never have I had such a dinner. We soon ran out of food, and none of us could get work. One day while traveling along the road, a man called to us from his field and asked if we wanted some turnips. My Father refused at first, thinking they might make us sick, then he changed his mind and took some. When we stopped that night, Mother cooked some turnips, seasoned them with pepper, salt and milk. Father thanked the Lord and asked him to bless it for our good. We ate and were satisfied. The next morning we had the same for breakfast, and, again, Father thanked the Lord and prayed that he and the boys might find work. We started on our way and soon came to Bonaparte, Iowa, where a man came to our wagon, a bachelor whose name was Cummys. He gave my Father and two brothers work and let us live in a good house. He was a Mobocrat; he soon fell in love with my oldest sister, Sarah. He gave Father a wagon and asked my sister to marry him. She told him she would think about it. She knew if she said "no," we would all be turned

out in the cold. He would take me on his knee and tell me when he and Sarah were married I could live with them and have a lot of nice things and, childlike, I wanted them to marry.

My Grandfather died at Bonaparte, also my cousin, Uncle Ephram Mecham's little girl, both of exposure. One day a woman came to Uncle Ephraim with a pig's ham to sell. Aunt Polly, his wife, said she did not have anything to pay for it. Afterwards, Aunt Polly said she did not like the looks of it. In a few days a friend told Aunt Polly that the pig had died of "collory" and the woman had said it would be good to kill the Mormons with. The man, Mr. Cummys, who had fallen in love with my sister wanted her to go with him to spend the evening with a neighbor the following night. She said she would if she was feeling all right. As soon as he left she began to plan to keep from going with him, as she was afraid. So when he came the next time, she was in bed. He looked at her and said, "she does not look sick." Father said she had a fever. It was reported that he was planning to kidnap my sister, so we prepared to leave. We left without letting Mr. Cummys know.

After leaving Bonaparte, we went to Van Buren County, Iowa, where a little brother was born, Moses Moroni, then we went to Pottawattamie County. My little brother William died of croup. At Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, my Father took up some land one and one-half miles from Kanesville. We had just got settled when a flood came and took about everything we had. We then built a house on a hill where we had to carry water three-fourths of a mile. I well remember how frightened we were going through the woods, as some of the men had killed a wild cat. We picked wild grapes, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, elder berries, also walnuts, hazelnuts, hickory nuts and butternuts. Thus I earned my first pair of new shoes. I also got two or three new dresses and a spelling book. Up to this time my Mother had made moccasins of buckskins.

LIFE IN KANESVILLE

We moved to Kanesville in 1847; my Father took very sick with erysipelas. The doctor said he could not live. I went out in the cornfield and prayed to my Heavenly Father that my Father would get well. On my way back to the house, I had the feeling that my Father would get well. I told my eldest sister that he was going to get well; she asked me how I knew. I told her that I had been praying for him and that I knew he would be all right. He did get well, to the happy surprise of all.

My Mother cut her hand very badly, and her only sister, Aunt Polly Mecham, came to see her. She took Mother to her place for three weeks. While she was there my brother made her a cupboard, and we girls bought and filled it with dishes and oh! how happy she was when she returned.

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When I was ten years old, a Mrs. Robinson of Kanesville, wanted me to go and tend her baby; she would give me fifty cents a week. It looked big to me, so I went. I was very bashful and a coward, but wanted to work. I was afraid that I would have a bed in a room alone, so I prayed, and when I told her I was afraid she told me to bring my bed in her room. She was very nice to me and praised me for my work. One day she told me to put a beef roast in the oven (it was the first stove I had ever seen.) I did as she told me and in a short time she said to baste the meat. I did not know what she meant, but after she explained it, I knew what she meant; we called it "dipping." I made a cake and it was so good and they liked it so well, I ran all the way home to tell my folks. Mrs. Robinson was a very good cook and made wedding cakes and cakes for grand balls. She needed another girl, so my sister Emily went to work for her but she did not stay long as one day it was raining very hard and we were burning elm wood which takes up much water and Emily could not get the fire to burn. Mrs. Robinson scolded her, Emily walked home in the rain. When the rain stopped Father sent for me, which I regretted very much. I wanted to make my own living, but I would not disobey my parents; the lady cried and so did I.

There was a hotel just across the street from Mrs. Robinson that needed a girl to wait on tables. She recommended me. I was to work on trial for one week, then I was to get a dollar and fifty cents a week, the same as the older girls. He said that I must dress nice. I had a good dress, but I had to have some shoes, which he said he would pay for. He bought the most stylish shoes he could find. We were to have Sundays off. One Sunday he needed help, so I stayed. He gave me a dress pattern for staying. He gave me many other things. I stayed for one and a half years. When we were ready to leave for Utah, the proprietor said if I would stay with him he would give me all the things I wanted and a thousand dollars when I became eighteen. My mother said "no." Then he charged me for all the presents he had given me while working at the hotel.

My brother Samuel took sick and we all came home, but faith in the power of the Elders saved him. I then came down with the measles and I lost three weeks of work. I never went to but two meetings until we came to Utah. Some Brothers held a meeting at our place. When they left they said they would leave a song book until they came again. I learned two songs while the book was at our place, "The Day Is Past and Gone" and "Come Let Us Anew." My father taught me the tunes.

One day a boy asked me to go with him to a Presbyterian meeting about a mile and a half from our house. I told him I would go if my sister Martha would go with us. She said she would. I asked my sister America if I could wear her bonnet that Mother had braided out of grass; resembled wheat grass, that America had gathered. Artificial flowers were placed around the edge of the bonnet just

inside so it would circle the face of the one wearing it. It was very nice and pretty, too. I did not like the meeting nearly so much as the one we had in our home. After meeting, our friend took us to the grocery store and bought us some brown sugar; we sure thought we were somebody having a boy friend that could buy us sugar. We were so tired when we got home.

THE YEAR OF 1853

In the spring of 1853 we started for Utah. We went a long way on a raft. I was always afraid of water. We crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat, which frightened me very much, as the water was very high. Then we had to wait several weeks for a company to arrive. We left the Missouri River July 18th. My father started with two wagons, one yoke of oxen, two yoke of unbroken steers, and four cows. The man that sold Father the oxen had stolen them, and the man that he had stolen them from came and took them from us, so we only had one wagon and the cows. There were thirteen of us children and Mother and Father, with one wagon and one tent. John Brown was captain of one hundred wagons. Appleton Harmon was captain of fifty wagons, and my Father was captain of ten independent wagons. The Indians were on the warpath, so we all had to travel together for safety. We were stopped once by the Indians, so many I have never seen before; I thought there was one thousand of them! They could easily have killed us all, but they were given provisions, by robbing ourselves, and suffering from want of food. We had the four cows and would give all the milk we could spare to other people that did not have much and many of them said that Mother saved their lives. The buffalo were so numerous at times we would have to stop and let them pass; there was no going until they had crossed the road.

We children had to walk most of the way. We stopped one day each week for washday, and we were always allowed time to keep ourselves clean. We had no brakes on our wagons, but used a chain to lock the wheels when we went down hill. The ten independent wagons were always in the rear. When we camped at night, the first wagon would stop, the next would stop at his side, and so on, till they were all in a circle making a corral of the wagons and we would stay inside for safety. After supper and the animals were taken care of, we would sit around the fire, sing songs, tell stories, and those that were not too tired would dance. One brother had a violin and he was very good at it for dancing.

My Father, my brother, and sister Polly were all sick when we left for Utah. People said they were foolish for starting, but by the time they were half way they were all right. One day we went twenty-six miles and we children walked all the way. We would always get to the camping grounds before the wagons. My sister Sarah and

I stopped to rest one day and the wagons passed us. Sarah said she was not going any farther. I begged her to come with me, but she said she would rather be eaten by wolves than go on. She tried to get me to go and catch the wagons, but I told her I would not leave her. Then she said, "I will not see the wolves get you, so come on, let us go to camp."

A man by the name of Bray, a non-Mormon, was in our company. He had two wagons, two buggies, two maid servants, and three men servants. His wife had been sick for ten years. Mr. Bray fixed her bed so she could see as she went along. He would gather flowers, pebbles or anything that might interest her. She died one day and Mr. Bray left camp and never came back. We stopped and the men-folk searched for him, but could not find him. There were seven who died in our company.

When we were three days from Salt Lake, my cousin, Daniel Mecham met us with a load of food, flour, meat, and vegetables, and what a God-send it was, for we were out of food. The next day Brother Allen I. Stout, a friend of ours, came with another load of food. We all rode in the extra wagons to Salt Lake. We arrived October 16, 1853.

HOME IN UTAH

We stayed in Salt Lake a few days, then my brother, who had come to Utah in 1852, came from Lehi and took us home with him. I stayed with my brother that winter, and my Father hauled salt from the Great Salt Lake. The next spring, my brother moved to Salt Lake. I never went to school as the children do today, so when Brother Stout came from Session Settlement, now Bountiful, and asked if I would go home with him and work for his wife and go to school—I loved my family, and it was hard for me to leave them, but I wanted to go to school and learn, so I went. I would get up before it was light in the morning so I could get my work done and get to school on time. I was so happy to think that I was getting an education. I stayed there several months. One day the lady told me to kill a chicken. I told her I could not, as I was very tender hearted. She made me do it. I became homesick and could not stay any longer. It was Conference time in Salt Lake, so Brother Allen I. Stout took me to Salt Lake; there I got a ride to Lehi with a Mr. Meeks, who lived south of Provo. He had an ox team, and the traveling was very slow, and when I got home, my Father had moved to the Jordan River to keep the Toll Gate. Father sent me to Lehi to buy a few things and told me to be sure to go to grandmother's and see how she was. When I was ready to go she gave me a piece of beef pie; I believe it was the best pie I have ever eaten. Grandmother lived with us many years and had the best we had.

Then I went to work for a Mr. Kelly in Springville. I had to do all the work, and it was too much for me. I was so young; I stayed four

weeks and then went home. Mrs. Kelly gave me two pieces of calico of one and one-half yards each and my Mother made me two smocks. While in Springville an Indian shot an arrow through my dress, which frightened me terribly. I never had a girl friend until we came to Lehi. I had had many friends, some very good, and some not so good. There was one girl; her folks were very poor and a better girl never lived! But some of the girls shunned her on account of her poor clothes. I always befriended her, and one day one of the girls gave a party, and one of the other girls said, "Don't ask Anna, for her folks eat crow's meat, and she might bring a crow to the party. I said, "Anna is a good girl and cannot help being poor." She came to the party and brought some doughnuts that were very good. My sister, Martha, and I always went places together and one day we went to meeting. It was a Sunday and Brother Evans spoke of the First Principles of the Gospel. After meeting, we went to see some of the people get baptized. Martha said, "I think we should get baptized ourselves." I said, "I think so, too." So we were baptized in the clothes we came in. It was so cold that the bottoms of our dresses were frozen when we got home, which was one and one-half miles away. Never was I so happy; a peaceful, heavenly feeling that I will never forget. Mother was angry saying that I had spoiled my new dress and that we would be sick, but nothing happened. My dress was all right and we never were sick. She had forgotten that when she was baptized, it was in March and the ice had to be cut, and she had a baby one month old.

The Indians were bad and it was understood that if the Indians came the drums were to beat and all the women and children were to go to the schoolhouse as quick as they could. One morning, when we were eating breakfast, we heard the drums. Father said for us to stay in the house and he would go out and see what was wrong. He soon returned, said the Watermaster beat the drum to get the men to clean the ditch, knowing they would all come out.

Two of my sisters were married; Sarah married Lutottus Burdick and Polly married James Packer. While we lived in Lehi my mother's seventeenth child was born, a little brother. He lived one year and died in Provo.

FAMILY MOVES TO PROVO

In 1855 we moved to Provo. Father husked corn; Samuel and us girls went to Pleasant Grove to dig potatoes. It was a very slow job as we had to dig them with a hoe, but we earned our winter potatoes. Father bought a house with a dirt roof. He wanted to put a board roof on, so he took all the children to my Uncle's. I stayed home to get his dinner. Father climbed on the roof to work, and I was standing at the table getting a chicken ready to cook. I walked to the door just as a twelve inch log fell from the roof and broke the corner of the table where I was standing.



HER MOTHER AND FATHER
Moses M. Mecham and Elvira Derby Mecham

We girls gleaned wheat and picked ground-cherries and any kind of work we could find to do, but people were poor and could not pay for work. I went to work for a lady in Spanish Fork. I stayed with her for several weeks, then she told me she could not pay me unless I took her wedding ring. She wanted twenty dollars for it. I told her I could not, as I had borrowed the dress I had and must pay for it. I then went to work for Mrs. Bigelow where I learned to spin and weave and I wove on shares and made me a dress. I bought one ounce Indigo for blue, cottonwood, and mahogany bark to

color the yarn and that was my Sunday dress. We suffered for want of bread as there was little to be had.

In 1856 there was a shortage of wheat and few people had any. Coleman Boren, the father of the man I was to marry, had harvested a large crop of wheat and was offered as high as twenty-four dollars for a hundred pounds of flour, but he said, "No, the poor around us need it, and I will keep it for them." He sold it for the same price that he got the year before. He never turned anyone away; if they could not pay he let them have it without pay. I have heard people say that he saved them from starvation. It is said he took much more wheat out of his granary than he put in.

I went to Judge Bean's to work for my board and room and to go to school, but instead of studying I had to teach the small children. I took my dinner to school but instead of eating it I would send it home to Mother for she was sick for the want of bread. One night Judge Bean came home and said to me, "They tell me you have never been spelled down. I am going to show you tonight that I am a better speller than you are. He missed the first word that was given him; everybody laughed. They kept on giving me words to spell until they got tired, but I never missed a word.

Sister Bigelow had a meeting at her home and asked Father and Mother. Then Sister Bigelow asked my Father to speak. He talked in tongues and Sister Green gave the interpretation. He told of the sufferings and deaths in the handcart companies when on their way to Utah. All that were present wept, as they heard what those poor people went through. Some of the handcart company came to Provo to live, and we knew from what they told that all my Father said was true.

LOVE FINDS A WAY

One day I was gleaned just outside the fort wall that was built to protect us from the Indians. I took sick and fell to the ground. Someone carried me to Sister Bigelow's home and sent for my parents. When Father came, he administered to me and I was soon well again. My sisters older than I were all married. Martha had been sick ever since she was married, so I went to stay with her until after her baby was born. My brother Samuel, and my friend, who later became my husband, went to help fight against Johnston's Army in Echo Canyon. I felt very bad, but I knew they would come back all right. A friend of ours was accidentally shot and crippled for life. He told us after that if he had obeyed orders, it would never have happened. My oldest brother moved from Salt Lake City to Provo when the Saints were told to move South to get away from Johnston's Army. He moved in with my Father. My oldest sister and family came also to live with my folks. There was not a shot fired and it turned out to be a blessing that the Army came, as they brought clothing and



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all kinds of supplies and money of which the people were badly in need. The first lady I ever saw intoxicated came to our house with a soldier and asked for something to eat, but the man was too sick to eat. The woman said to try to eat some salt. Salt became a by-word in our house from that time on.

I was always very independent. The first boy that asked to see me safely home, I told him I had come alone and I could go home alone. My sister told my father about it, and he said I should have taken his arm as he was a very nice fellow. My brother and sister had gone back to Salt Lake as the trouble with the army was over. A neighbor told my Father some falsehoods about my friend and my parents opposed him. I went to my brother in Salt Lake to weave for them, then I went to West Jordan to spin for a lady. While there, the brother-in-law of the lady I was working for, and the stepson had some trouble and the son nearly killed the older man. The lawyer for the son took me to Provo as a witness. I prayed all the way that I would not have to go into Court. We were sent to a house to stay until we were wanted in Court. The next day we were released as the case was settled out of Court. That was another time my prayers were answered.

I can remember three whippings I got from my Father; first, was when I was very small. I took the fire shovel and put it in the fire and got it hot, then I took it out and spit on it. My smaller brother tried the same thing and burned his nose. Father had forbid us to make grapevine swings as we might get hurt. Two of my older sisters and a younger sister and myself went out to the grove and made a swing. Father happened to come by and saw us. We all got a whipping. Another time Father said you must not open the ears of corn, as the crows and blackbirds will come and destroy the corn. One day my oldest sister said, "I know the corn is big enough. You open one and I will open one and Father will never know." We were not to tell on each other. I must have looked guilty as he looked at me and asked me if I did it. I said I had opened one. My sister denied opening any. He turned to me and said, "You did them all," and gave me a whipping. When he was on his death-bed I was with him most of the time. In our conversation one day he said, "If I had my life to live over, I would never whip a child." I then told him about the corn. I had always wanted to tell him, but for some reason I could not do it before.

I was about seventeen years old and all the girls of my crowd went May walking. I stayed home to get dinner for my Father. A grass-widow came and wanted me to go to the big swing but Father said he did not want me to go. The widow said, "If I was you, I would show him a trick worth two of that one, I would go anyway." After she had gone, Father said, "I don't mind you going to the swing, but not with her as she is a bad woman." I did not think so at the time but later found out what she really was. She tried to get

my brother, then my friend, then she broke up a family, married the man and then ran away with his brother to California. A Mr. Cluff came to our house every Sunday and went to Church with us. He would sit and talk with my father but he never spoke to me only to pass the time of day. He soon got married and some of his folks told him how sorry I was that I did not get him. As for me, I always considered him a friend of my Father. Soon his brother came to our house and asked for me. He was told that I was at my sister's. He said, "I thought I would marry her, seeing my brother would not." He came to my sister's after dark. We had no light, and we could see something white pass, and repass the window. One of the girls said, "Let us make a light and see if we can tell what it is." So we put some dry willows on the fire. It soon blazed, and he came to the door and asked for my brother-in-law. My sister asked which one, as there were two living in the same house, but they were both away. He then asked for me. I was behind the door. He asked me if I would step outside, he wanted to talk to me. I said, "If what you want to say to me is too bad for my sister to hear, I do not want to hear it either." He said, "I would like to marry you. Will you have me?" I said, "No." He wanted to know why. I said, "I do not care for you." I did not know he had been to see my folks. He had a white shirt on and that was what we could see passing the window, and after that my sisters called him "Lucina's ghost." When my future husband (Jasper Boren) asked me to marry him I did not say no, for I knew I loved him, but would I always be happy? He said he would call the next Thursday for my answer. When Thursday came Mother and I went to Springville to buy some clothing. We had heard there was a load just arrived. We got there just after sun-up. It was a little log cabin and we had to stand in line until 3 p.m. before we could get in to buy. There was not much to choose from but I got two dresses and some other things. When we came out we could not find my brother-in-law. We waited until sundown and he did not come. My sister said if I would drive we would go home and leave him. We did not get home until after dark. I had just milked the cows when Jasper came for his answer, and we talked nearly all the night. I told him what I thought about marriage and how unhappy I would be if he turned out to be other than I thought. I am happy to say that I have never had cause to regret our marriage. Few people ever got along better than we did. One man asked my husband which one of us was boss; he said, we didn't have a boss at our home, "we are counselors to each other." Not long after I was engaged, a young man came and wanted me to go buggy riding with him. I did not want to go, but Mother insisted on me going, so I went. He drove to a brewery and got some beer, but I would not drink. Jasper came by and saw us. I was very unhappy and went home and cried all night. My sister told me she heard my parents say they hoped Jasper would get so mad he would never come back.

I had never disobeyed my parents, but I would this time. I would marry the man I loved and would never marry the man they wanted me to.

My brother Samuel came home after being away for some time. He and Jasper were the best of friends, and through him my parents were willing for us to marry. We were married July 3, 1859 by Jonathan O. Duke in Provo. We went to the temple later. We got ready to go three times before we finally got there. My parents had nine sons-in-laws but none were higher in their esteem than he. That was another time my prayers were answered.



W.M. J. BOREN—BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Standing: Susan Boren, Minerva Boren Wentz
Seated: Joseph Smith Boren, Bryant Coleman Boren, Lorana Boren Mecham,
William J. Boren and Ephraim Boren

OUR FIRST HOME

My husband, William Jasper Boren, was the oldest living child of Coleman Boren and Melinda Keller, born December 30, 1837 in Peoria, Illinois. The family came from Tennessee and later moved to Nauvoo, Illinois after they had joined the Mormon Church. They came to Utah in 1851, and William Jasper walked most of the way driving his father's sheep. The Borens made their home in Provo. As a young man my husband worked as a carpenter and cabinet maker.

All that we had when we were married was a team, a frying pan, and a quart oyster can. My Father was looking after the toll gate in Provo Canyon. I looked after the garden; my husband harvested his mother's wheat. I got the top of a quilt, some needles and thread and pins. My husband then hauled timber from the canyon to the furniture store; the store also owned the sawmill. He earned as much as fifteen dollars a day; sometimes he would let his team rest and work with my Uncle who had a turning lathe. They made a table, chairs, bedstead, rolling pin and potato masher. We had the bedstead painted; it was the nicest one in Provo. We went to Salt Lake and bought material for a bed tick, quilts, sheets and pillows. I picked milkweed pods to fill the ticks and pillows which we used for our bed for two years, then my husband killed enough ducks, geese and chickens for me to make a good feather bed. While in Salt Lake we bought twelve plates, six teacups and saucers; we could only find six glasses or tumblers; a six quart bucket was the only bucket we could get. When we got home someone said we should turn the bucket out to grass and let it grow full size. We bought a small one-room house and a lot. There was a fireplace in one end and shelves on one side. Jasper made me a rocking chair and six common chairs. We had them painted and I was so proud of them. Mr. King came and got Jasper to sign a note with him. Mr. King would not pay, so Jasper had to let the chairs go to pay for the note. Mother Boren bought the chairs.

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In April 1860, our first child was born, *William Jasper*. My husband made me a cupboard, and we had a nice home. Our second son, *Samuel*, was born May 8, 1861. When he was three weeks old we sold our place in Provo and moved to Provo Canyon. My sister, Emily Haws, had a small son, Billy. He cut off his finger and we put it back in place with splints and bound it. We took the splints off the tenth day, and it seemed to be all right, but the same day he ran and fell, breaking the same finger all over again. We put it back again with splints and kept praying that it would grow together again. It did, but it was always stiff. We moved back to Provo and lived in Father's house as he and Mother were living in Provo Canyon. My youngest brother, John D. Mecham, was out looking after Father's sheep. He had a bow and arrows, and one day while running after one of his arrows, his faithful dog ran after him, took hold of my brother's leg and tore the flesh. My Father, Mother and two younger sisters and John D. came to our place. Jasper went to look after the sheep until John D. could go out again. On the ninth day I felt like something dreadful was going to happen. At bedtime they all went to bed; but I stayed up. Father tried to get me to go to bed, but I told him I could not sleep. About midnight my brother raised up in bed and howled like a dog. My Father said, "He is mad,"

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and tried to hold him. I ran across the street to Brother Nuttall. He came and administered to John D. and told Mother to give him all the vinegar he could drink and he would be all right. He was sick for a long time, but he did not have any more spells. When he felt a spell coming on, he would go in a room by himself and drink vinegar and the spell would pass off.

Our little boy, Sammy, got a bad ankle. I did not sleep all night. I prayed that I might know what to do for him. The next morning I sent for Mother Boren. I was afraid it was a white swelling but Mother Boren said it was a sprained ankle. She pulled the ankle in place and bound wormwood on it. He was soon able to walk again. On the last of October, 1863 a little girl was born to us, *Lucina Izora*.

A NEW HOME

In the spring of 1864, my husband went to Round Valley, now Wallsburg, to make us a home. We had three small children, and I was afraid to go on account of the Indians. On the 23rd of July he came back to Provo and spent the 24th, and on the 25th we went to Wallsburg, by way of ox team. Imagine how I felt with an unfurnished log cabin to live in without windows or door. There were only four families there. It was decided there was room for only fourteen families, as there was not much water. When I first went to Wallsburg I met Emma Brown. She proved to be a lifelong friend. She moved to Charleston and later became Stake President of the Relief Society. After the crops were taken care of, Jasper put two doors in our house and a window. On the 20th of September 1864, another little girl came to our house, *Melinda Elvira*. Then my husband built a fireplace.

My husband went to Provo to get supplies for the winter; as George Brown, my Father, and Jasper started for home they did not get far until it started to snow. They could not turn back to Provo, they had to go on as their families were in Wallsburg; the winter was on them and they never knew when the Indians would strike. They made camp for the night. Jasper was the only one that had a lunch as they should have been home late that night. William Hall and Ephraim Hanks caught up with them and made camp, and the five of them ate Jasper's lunch. Next morning they had nothing to eat and the snow was deep. The oxen could not get through, so the men took turns making a trail and the oxen would follow, but it was slow going. The third day, they saw a porcupine in a tree on a hillside some distance away. Jasper went and killed it with a club, they made a fire and roasted it and all said it was the best meat they had ever eaten, but the poor oxen had nothing but what they could browse. They were getting tired, but there was no stopping—they must go on. One of my father's oxen fell off the road into the river and was drowned. The snow was four feet deep in Wallsburg and

the women did not know where their husbands were, whether in Provo, or had started home and perished on the way. My Mother tried to comfort us but she did not know that my Father was with them. On the fifth day they came to the home of Ephraim Hanks. Sister Hanks made them as comfortable as possible, giving them supper and breakfast. The next night they were home. We all thanked our Maker for their safe return.

My husband went to the cedars for wood; he killed a porcupine and asked me to cook it for him. I cooked it the way he wanted it, but he could not eat it; he said it was because he was not hungry enough. We had very little flour that winter; some of the people had none. We lived on potatoes, boiled wheat, and we had plenty of milk and butter. We were very careful with our flour. I had dried peaches and ground cherries; Jasper killed deer and wild chickens for our meat. All the people in Wasatch County were living the same way. We took up forty acres of farm ground, forty acres of meadow land, and three town lots. That first winter in Wallsburg we ran out of hay, as the menfolk were busy the summer before building cabins and had little time to put up enough hay for our stock. We were only five families in the valley; one had plenty of hay for all; he wanted a big price for it, but no one had the cash. Brother William Wall, being the leader, went to the owner of the hay, and asked him to divide with the other four; if he would, Brother Wall said he would give him the best heifer he had that would soon give milk. The man said, "If you will guarantee a heifer calf." Brother Wall said, in not too pleasant a tone, "If that is the way you feel, we don't want your hay, and I tell you it will do you no good." Brother Wall called my husband, Father, and neighbors together and told them what he had done and asked, "What shall we do? It looks like a miracle must happen to save our stock." After talking it over, they decided to turn the water from Spring Creek out on the meadow and melt the snow which was over two feet deep. There was plenty of grass under the snow. The stock was saved and the man's stack of hay rotted. The meadow below town was where we got our hay for the first few years.

In 1865 our children had the scarlet fever, and our little girl, *Melinda Alvira* one year old, died of canker. We buried her in Provo as we were in Provo when she died. Sister Brown was with me much of the time trying to comfort me. She was truly a good woman.

The next spring we put in more grain and other farm crops. They had just started to grow good when word came for us to go to Heber as the Indians were on the warpath, and we went to Heber for safety. When we got there we could find no place to live, so we all went to the brush bowery where the people of Heber held their meetings. I had a new carpet, the only one in Wallsburg. I hung it between us and James Allred. We soon found an empty granary where

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My husband went to Provo to get supplies for the winter; as George Brown, my Father, and Jasper started for home they did not get far until it started to snow. They could not turn back to Provo, they had to go on as their families were in Wallsburg; the winter was on them and they never knew when the Indians would strike. They made camp for the night. Jasper was the only one that had a lunch as they should have been home late that night. William Hall and Ephraim Hanks caught up with them and made camp, and the five of them ate Jasper's lunch. Next morning they had nothing to eat and the snow was deep. The oxen could not get through, so the men took turns making a trail and the oxen would follow, but it was slow going. The third day, they saw a porcupine in a tree on a hillside some distance away. Jasper went and killed it with a club, they made a fire and roasted it and all said it was the best meat they had ever eaten, but the poor oxen had nothing but what they could browse. They were getting tired, but there was no stopping—they must go on. One of my father's oxen fell off the road into the river and was drowned. The snow was four feet deep in Wallsburg and

the women did not know where their husbands were, whether in Provo, or had started home and perished on the way. My Mother tried to comfort us but she did not know that my Father was with them. On the fifth day they came to the home of Ephraim Hanks. Sister Hanks made them as comfortable as possible, giving them supper and breakfast. The next night they were home. We all thanked our Maker for their safe return.

My husband went to the cedars for wood; he killed a porcupine and asked me to cook it for him. I cooked it the way he wanted it, but he could not eat it; he said it was because he was not hungry enough. We had very little flour that winter; some of the people had none. We lived on potatoes, boiled wheat, and we had plenty of milk and butter. We were very careful with our flour. I had dried peaches and ground cherries; Jasper killed deer and wild chickens for our meat. All the people in Wasatch County were living the same way. We took up forty acres of farm ground, forty acres of meadow land, and three town lots. That first winter in Wallsburg we ran out of hay, as the menfolk were busy the summer before building cabins and had little time to put up enough hay for our stock. We were only five families in the valley; one had plenty of hay for all; he wanted a big price for it, but no one had the cash. Brother William Wall, being the leader, went to the owner of the hay, and asked him to divide with the other four; if he would, Brother Wall said he would give him the best heifer he had that would soon give milk. The man said, "If you will guarantee a heifer calf." Brother Wall said, in not too pleasant a tone, "If that is the way you feel, we don't want your hay, and I tell you it will do you no good." Brother Wall called my husband, Father, and neighbors together and told them what he had done and asked, "What shall we do? It looks like a miracle must happen to save our stock." After talking it over, they decided to turn the water from Spring Creek out on the meadow and melt the snow which was over two feet deep. There was plenty of grass under the snow. The stock was saved and the man's stack of hay rotted. The meadow below town was where we got our hay for the first few years.

In 1865 our children had the scarlet fever, and our little girl, *Melinda Alvira* one year old, died of canker. We buried her in Provo as we were in Provo when she died. Sister Brown was with me much of the time trying to comfort me. She was truly a good woman.

The next spring we put in more grain and other farm crops. They had just started to grow good when word came for us to go to Heber as the Indians were on the warpath, and we went to Heber for safety. When we got there we could find no place to live, so we all went to the brush bowery where the people of Heber held their meetings. I had a new carpet, the only one in Wallsburg. I hung it between us and James Allred. We soon found an empty granary where

and tried to hold him. I ran across the street to Brother Nuttall. He came and administered to John D. and told Mother to give him all the vinegar he could drink and he would be all right. He was sick for a long time, but he did not have any more spells. When he felt a spell coming on, he would go in a room by himself and drink vinegar and the spell would pass off.

Our little boy, Sammy, got a bad ankle. I did not sleep all night. I prayed that I might know what to do for him. The next morning I sent for Mother Boren. I was afraid it was a white swelling but Mother Boren said it was a sprained ankle. She pulled the ankle in place and bound wormwood on it. He was soon able to walk again. On the last of October, 1863 a little girl was born to us, *Lucina Izora*.

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we stayed until my husband was mustered out of the Black Hawk War.

SCHOOL TEACHER — HOMEMAKER

We wanted to go to Provo; the road was washed out in Provo Canyon, so we went to Salt Lake, then to Provo. We could not find a house, so Mother Boren let us have one of her rooms. She had two rooms; she was a very good mother-in-law. My Father had only one room for his family. Billy Haws and family, my oldest sister and family also moved in with them. While in Provo we had a new son come to live with us, *Moses Marcus*. The 1st of September, 1866 we went back to Wallsburg to harvest our crops. We had wheat, potatoes and hay. We had a good crop. We had plenty of deer, wild chickens, and rabbits to eat that winter. I did not like to see the children running around with nothing to do, so told the children to come to our home. We had two rooms and could hold school. I was the first schoolteacher in Wallsburg. We had no schoolhouse or place to hold meetings, so we held all the meetings in our home. The second week of school Alma Kerby brought a peck of wheat and wanted to enter school. I told him I did not want the wheat—that he was welcome to come to school.

My sister had a hen; I wanted to buy it, but she would not sell it. One day while washing, she took sick and sent for me. She said if I would do her washing she would let me have the hen. My husband came home and saw me washing and wanted to know what I was doing washing for other people. I told him my sister was going to give me the hen. He would not let me have the hen. If I had not told him my sister was sick, it would have been all right. Brother and Sister Allred lost a little girl, the first to die in Wallsburg. Soon after three other children died, then there were no deaths for a long time.

My husband took sick and I had to look after four oxen, milk and feed three cows and feed some pigs besides doing my housework and looking after four children. I made a barrel of butter that I put down in salt brine and Sister Brown took it to Salt Lake the next spring and sold it for forty dollars. To make soap I had to make lye; and to make lye, my husband took a log and split it in the middle, then cut the middle out, put the ashes in the log, and put boiling water over the ashes. Then the ash water would drop off the end of the log. We could test the lye for strength with a feather. If the lye was not strong enough we would boil it down to get the strength we wanted. Sometimes it would take days. We made our candles out of tallow; sometimes I would sell them.

In May, Provo River was too dangerous to cross. We went to Heber and bought a whiskey barrel. My husband took a flat rock and cut it to fit the inside of the barrel. I made salt brine, then put the butter in, then placed the rock to hold the butter under the brine,

and it would keep indefinitely. In September a man from Midway came and gave me seventy dollars for two hundred pounds. I told a neighbor about selling my butter, she tried the same way to keep her butter, but she forgot to put the rock on the butter, and when she sold it, she only got half price. She said it was because she was not a Mormon.

Lorain Jane was born September 26, 1868 in Wallsburg.

MORONI BIGELOW

One evening our two boys, Jasper and Samuel went to bring the cows home. As a rule they would have the cows home by sundown, but this time they were not home at dark, so their father went to find them. He found them a long way from home, but they had the cows. They would not give up until they found them. The cows belonged to my brother-in-law, Moroni Bigelow. We took care of them on shares. He stayed at our house and hauled poles to fence his farm. The children became attached to him and when he was called on a mission, they felt very sad. When it was time for him to return, the children were sick with the measles, but it made them very happy when we told them that Uncle Moroni was coming home. One night after we had gone to bed, a neighbor came and rapped at our window, and said that word had come that Moroni Bigelow had drowned. Zora's eyes were very weak from the measles; she heard the neighbor tell about Moroni and cried all night. Her eyes were so bad, we had to keep her in a dark room for a long time. Moroni was not drowned as reported, but he never came home. His trunk came and a letter saying he was on a steamboat on the Missouri River when a mob got him and he jumped overboard, but it was found out that the boat he was supposed to have been on was not on the river at that time. My sister later married Moroni's brother, Asa. Not that she cared for him but she felt it her duty to raise a family. Moroni had three boys, the youngest was always sick; but lived to be over forty years old. The two oldest were driven from home by their stepfather; the youngest of the two came back, but the other would not come back. He wrote his mother for a long time, then his letters stopped coming. My sister waited as long as she could, then sent her second son to the ranch where he worked to find out what had become of his brother. The man at the ranch said he had been a good boy and a good worker and that he left the ranch to go and see his mother. He had been going to the Post Office nearly every day and to get there he had to cross the river. The day he left to see his mother, the horse went to the Post Office without the rider, and they never knew what became of the boy. When he became a man he came home in time to see his mother before her death. He said the reason he did not come home was he heard that his mother had died.

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DEATH OF MOTHER BOREN

On October 22, 1870, our fourth son, *Clinton Coleman*, was born. It was a cold, stormy fall and I kept him in the house until he became sick. Nothing seemed to help him. One day while giving him a bath and looking at his arms and legs so tiny, I became frightened and started to cry. I prayed for help and wisdom that I might know what to do for him. A voice seemed to say, "Take him out into the fresh air." I dressed him and put a blanket around him and went to Aunt Polly's. She saw I had been crying and asked what was the matter, I told her and showed her his arms and legs; told her how I had prayed; she said the thing to do was to take him out every day, which I did, and he was soon well again.

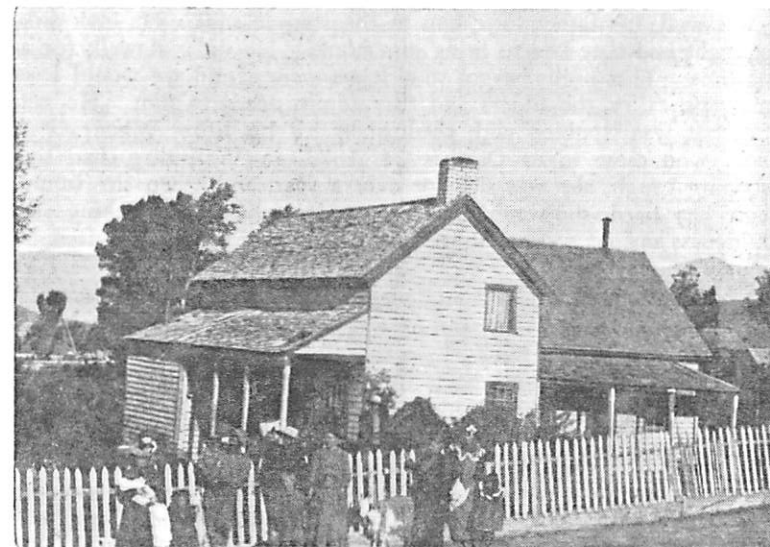
Jasper was working at the mouth of Provo Canyon. I went to Provo and he was coming back with me. I took two sacks of potatoes for Mother Boren, who was a widow. When we got to Provo, I went to my Father's place, and Bryant took the potatoes to Mother Boren. When I met her a few days later she told me how good Bryant was, said no one else gave her anything. I could not tell her that we were the ones who gave her the potatoes. I told Jasper about it; he said he would tell his Mother, but he never got to, as she died soon after. He was getting ready to go and see her when word came that she had passed on. She had been sick for a long time; that morning she felt so much better. Lorain was combing her hair when Mother Boren said, "I believe I will go and see Jasper and his family and stay two or three days. I will go and get ready now." She soon called to Lorain and said, "Lorain, I am dying" and within five minutes she was dead. She died of "traveling rheumatism" that went to her heart. She was considered well off.

ANOTHER DEATH — FATHER

July 16, 1868, I was called to the bedside of my Father. He had been operated on and seemed to get better after I arrived. He wanted me to go home to my family; said they needed me. I went out in the berry patch and prayed, went back in the house and told him I would not leave him that day. Father said to me, if he lived he would do everything he could for me, and if he died, and there was any chance of the dead helping the living, he would sure help me, and I know he has as I have felt his presence many times. I went home on the 20th and on the 22nd he died. After I left for home, Mother left him sleeping and went out in the garden to get some berries, when he came out, the first time he had walked after his operation; he took a setback and lived two days. My Mother sent us word by a neighbor but he forgot to tell us. My mother saw another neighbor; he said he would tell us, but he forgot, too. They were both called good men, but John Cook, a hard working and honest man heard about Father's death, and put himself out of his way to come and tell

us. My Father was a man of great faith; he visited the sick and the needy, comforted the discouraged. When he spoke in meetings or prayed in public, or administered to the sick, he would talk in tongues—he could not help it. His bishop forbid him to speak in tongues; then went to President Brigham Young to get him excommunicated, but Brigham said, "He has done too much good in the Church, leave him alone, he is all right." He could not go to meetings or visit the sick, and soon began to say hard things about the bishop, but not for long, as he soon realized that the bishop was not the Church. Please read 1 Cor., Chapter 12, Verses 1-12.

My brother Clinton lived in Provo Canyon. His wife took sick, they could not find a girl to help, so I went to help her. I stayed three weeks. I would not take pay; they had a large family. She never forgot me. She was always a real sister. She had a double shawl which she cut in two and gave me half.



The Boren Home built 1870

We were getting along very well. We had a five-room house; the first home with a shingle roof in the valley. We also had a coal oil lamp. All of our neighbors came to see the new lamp. Most of them were afraid it might explode. Nearly all the meetings, dances and parties were still held at our home. My husband had a shingle mill and was always serving on the School Board. The town was building a schoolhouse and wanted to have it ready for a Thanksgiving party. Jasper said he could have the shingles ready and on the building.

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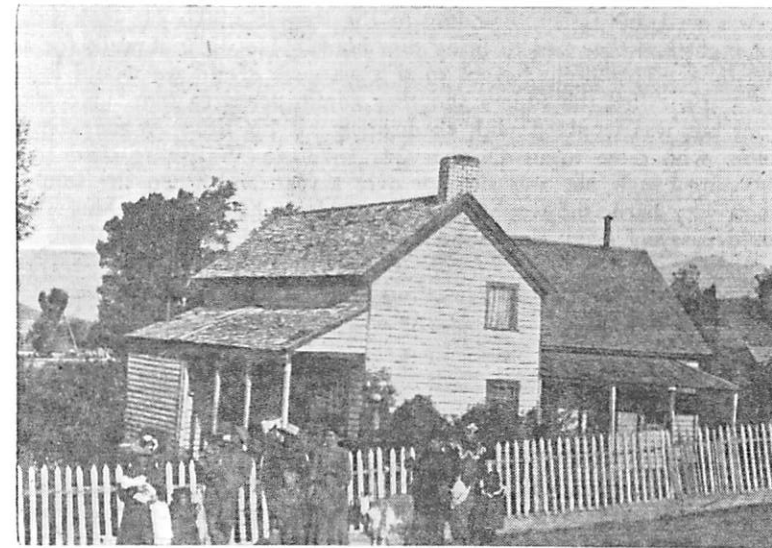
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He worked hard, long hours; the house was completed, and we had our Thanksgiving dinner and dance at night in the new schoolhouse. It was built on the lot my Father had built his home on when he was in Wallsburg. Our amusements were dancing and coasting down the hill. Sister Brown and Sister Greer would bring their children to our home, and we older ones would ride down the hill. After each trip we would go in the house and see how the younger children were.

ALMA LIONEL

Lorain and Clinton had the whooping cough at the same time. They were very sick and I shall never forget Hannah Ford (Nuttall) and Lizzie Davis (Pataporth) for helping me in my time of need. Now, I am past eighty, I still have a warm spot in my heart for them, or should I say, for the memory of them.

In 1880, Clinton had the Scarlet Fever, and when we thought he was well, his father took him to the shingle mill. He took sick that night and they had to bring him home. He did not walk for a long time. That night he got so sick we were afraid we would lose him. We called the Elders and they administered to him. He got better but was troubled with rheumatism all his life. When *Anna Maria*, who came to us October 24, 1873, in Wallsburg, had the whooping cough, she was sick for over a year, and when she would cough very hard, she would pass out. After she quit coughing she would pass out every time she got mad, and that was quite often.

There was also an epidemic of diphtheria in our town; twenty-three children died. *Alma Lionel* was the first. We knew very little about diphtheria at the time, and he was very sick. No one else came down with it for three weeks, then the other six came down with it. John Ford came to get his boots mended, as my husband made and repaired boots and shoes. He made all of our shoes and other peoples, too. We told John not to come in as we had all the small children sick. He came in anyway, said there was no diphtheria, but we knew there was. No one came to see how we were; it seemed everyone had sickness in their homes. Jasper and Samuel were not sick. They would take the oxen and go to the cedars for wood; the next day they would cut it up; they were always busy doing chores, getting wood, and taking turns sitting up with our sick children.

January 28, 1880, the morning before Alma died, he was so gay and happy, singing some Primary songs, although he was not quite five years old. He did not seem to be very sick but we could not get him to eat. After awhile he wanted me to bake him a potato. We did not have one at the time. My husband went to Moroni's and asked his wife for a potato. She said he would have to wait until Moroni came home. I saw Joseph Ford outside his house, I called to him and asked if he could give me a potato. He came with three and put them on the gate. I baked it as soon as I could. I started

to fix it with butter, when Alma said he wanted it just as it was. He turned to his Father and smiled and passed away; the smile never left his face. I had felt for sometime that we would not have him with us much longer. My husband said after that he felt the same way. Our little son never liked to be kissed by anyone, but just before he died, a day or so, he came to me and put his arms around my neck, kissed me and said, "I do love you." I cannot explain my feelings, but from then on till he died he was very loving to me, kissing me often. I became lost and sick after he died and did not care what happened. It was awful to be in such a condition, with six children sick. My husband was doing all he could for us, and I was not trying to do my duty. My Father had been dead for two years, but I thought he came to my bedside and said to me that I should get well and tend to my children. He said that if anything happened to them, I would be responsible. My duty was with my children and I had no right to let my sorrow rob them of my responsibility. I knew he was right, and I began to pray for strength. I was soon able to do my work, but I was not myself. Three weeks later Aunt Polly became sick. Jasper said I should go and see her. When she saw me, she put her arms around me and wept. She felt bad to see me looking so sick. I broke down and cried good and hard; I felt a lot better after, and I was soon back to myself again.

BLOOD POISONING

In 1881, my brother, Moroni, had blood poisoning, caused by a calf bite. I stayed with him two months. We were using cranberries on his arm and one day we ran out of them. A neighbor and a cousin sat up with him and said they would warm some of the used cranberries for the arm. I told them no, not to do it, as it was already full of poison, and would do more harm than good. After I went to bed they put the used cranberries on his arm. The next morning his arm was black. Mother had a three year old steer. She told the men folks to kill it. We took slices of meat and put it on his arm, and changed it every five minutes. We tried to get a doctor but he would not come, as it was too far. James Duke, his father-in-law, came. He said, "We cannot let him die and leave his family; I have faith he will get well." He did get well but it took a long time.

One night when I was staying with him, I said I would go home and get a bath and a good night's rest. My husband got up before daylight and went ten miles to get some Indian Nervine for him. After he left I had a pain in my arm and in a short time it was twice its size. I, too, had blood poisoning. The children wanted to send for their father but I said he would be back just as soon as he could without sending for him. I told them to get the Elders and they administered to me. I was soon better. My brother kept calling for me, so the third day I went to see him. He wanted me to dress his arm. I tried, but fainted, and Louise Mecham carried me out. I never tried

He worked hard, long hours; the house was completed, and we had our Thanksgiving dinner and dance at night in the new schoolhouse. It was built on the lot my Father had built his home on when he was in Wallsburg. Our amusements were dancing and coasting down the hill. Sister Brown and Sister Greer would bring their children to our home, and we older ones would ride down the hill. After each trip we would go in the house and see how the younger children were.

ALMA LIONEL

Lorain and Clinton had the whooping cough at the same time. They were very sick and I shall never forget Hannah Ford (Nuttall) and Lizzie Davis (Pataporth) for helping me in my time of need. Now, I am past eighty, I still have a warm spot in my heart for them, or should I say, for the memory of them.

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to dress it again. He began to get better, but nearly all the flesh dropped from his arm.

TRYING TIMES

We had a hard time to make a living. My husband would peel tan bark, take it to Salt Lake and sell it for things we had to have. He would buy leather and make boots and shoes. He would make the pegs from a straight-grained maple stick sawing it in the right length, then splitting them to the right size and sharpening one end with a knife.

When the high dugway was built in Provo Canyon, Jasper took our two oldest boys to carry water. They had no crowbar, so he made one out of a maple stick to pry the rocks loose. When the railroad was being built to Utah, Jasper went to work for John G. Timothy. He took hay to last for three weeks and when it was all fed out, he asked Timothy for hay for his team. He would not let him have any, so Jasper quit, but Timothy would not pay.

Up to that time we never had family prayers, but while Jasper was away I prayed with my children, and when he came home, I asked him to have family prayers. He said he would, and we have always had prayers at our home from then on. Jasper took stock in the tannery that was being built in Heber and lost it all; and when the Co-op Store was started we took stock in it. R. C. Camp was manager. He seemed to be a very good Mormon, and people liked him very much. I had a cow I was going to sell and put the money in the store, but Mr. Camp said he would take the cow, and give me forty dollars for her, and if he could get any more, he would give me more. Later I went to see what he got for the cow. He had only given me credit for twenty-five dollars. He told me that was all he got for her, but his mother-in-law said he got fifty dollars. He paid a dividend to the stockholders, but I did not get one. I went to see him; he had not put my name on the books, yet; but I would get a dividend next time. But before another dividend was due the store went broke, and the stockholders had to pay off a large debt that Camp owed. My share was seven dollars and twenty-five cents, besides losing my cow.

In 1879 when *Ida Viola* was a year old, she took very sick. Her limbs were stiff and sore. She lay in her crib and could not stand to have anyone touch her. Everyone thought she would die. We had the Elders come several times a day; she was suffering so much that I went to the Lord and begged of Him if He were going to take her from us, to do so, and not have her suffer so much; but if she was to live, to give me wisdom to know what to do for her. Jasper came and said the Elders had held a meeting and were coming to our house. When they came, Brother Kirby prayed, using about the same words that I had used in my prayer a few minutes before they came. I then felt that she would get well. That night I felt the presence of my Father,

and I got the idea to rub *Ida* with salt and vinegar. My sister Donna came to see me and when she saw what I was doing, she said I should not do it, as it might do her harm. I then told her how I got the idea. She then said, "It must be all right, you should keep right on doing it." A neighbor came and said their child had the same sickness and if I was not so stingy, I would get a doctor and our child would live. I told her she was putting her trust in a doctor and I was putting my trust in the Lord. My child lived and had a family of five children; she had her child to a doctor for four years, then they brought her home, but she could not walk or talk. She lived until she was thirteen years of age and then died. During this time two more children came to bless our home, *Sarah Minerva*, born November 18, 1881 and *Wilford Wells*, born September 23, 1883.

I was sick with a pain in my head and face. My husband said I should go and see Aunt Polly, she would tell me what to do. I started, but I only went a short way, when something seemed to say to me to put buttermilk on my face. I turned around and went home and put cold buttermilk soaked in a cloth around my head and face and held cold buttermilk in my mouth. When it got warm, I would change it, keeping it as cold as I could. The pain soon left me and in a few days I was all right again. I know for myself, that if we would only listen to the whisperings of the spirit, we would save ourselves a lot of trouble and would be a lot better off, knowing what to do in trying times.

On one occasion, a lady told me to get a bottle of Winslow's Syrup for my baby, as she cried every afternoon. Jasper got some the next time he went to Provo, but when she cried I was afraid to give it to her. The next day Jasper stayed home and when she began to cry he gave her some of the Winslow's Syrup. The baby went to sleep, but I could see it was not a natural sleep, so I called my husband. He looked at her and she looked bad, he took the syrup and destroyed it. I prayed to know what to do for my child; something told me to give her tea made of dill leaves. My husband administered to her and I gave her the tea. She was soon better and playing with the other children.

We bought the first surrey in Wallsburg, and how happy we were to ride in it, instead of a cart, or white-top. I was President of the Primary. We had no place to hold Primary, so my husband built some benches and would move them in and out of our home for me on Primary day.

My husband was Watermaster for thirteen years without pay. One year it was very dry; my husband had just started to water our garden when a man came, said he was going to have the water. His garden was dying for the want of water. Jasper told him that the people were all on turns, and he should respect the other fellow's rights. The man said, "I don't care for the other fellows, I'm going to have the water." Jasper looked at him, then said, calling him by

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name, "I don't want you to think for one minute that you are bullying me, for you are not—you can have my water turn, but don't take the water from anyone else, or I will have to arrest you. Come around later and see if my garden is not far better than yours." He took the water and that year we had the best garden in the valley.

IN THE TEMPLES OF THE LORD

At one time we went to Logan to do temple work. My sister, America, went, thinking she would have her endowments, but when she got there we were told she had better wait, as her husband was living and had left the Church, and that it would be better to wait. We all felt bad about it; my Mother asked us all to pray that the way might be opened so that she could have her temple work done. That was in August, and the next July her husband was killed while taming a race horse. The following year we went to the temple and she had her work done. My husband took me to Provo, where Mother, America, Elvira, and Donna were waiting for us. Leila, Donna's daughter went to get a hack to take us to the depot, but the man misunderstood her and did not call for us till afternoon. Our train went in the morning, so we had to wait until the next day. When we got to Logan they told us our papers had to be in the Temple on Monday of each week, so we went to Dayton, Idaho, to see my sister Celestia. While there it seemed the sun came up in the West. We stayed there four days, and my sisters, Polly, America, Elvira, Celestia, Donna and myself were all sealed to our parents. We all felt the presence of Father while in the Temple. That was my first trip on a train. On our way back, we had to stop off at Ogden, and wait for another train. While waiting, a man came to me and asked for my baggage check; said it had to be transferred to another train. I was about to give it to him when another man came along and said if I gave it to him, I would never see my trunk again. Elvira's little girl eight years old was with me. It seemed as if the train would never leave Ogden. I had left my children at home for the first time. I was only going to be gone a week and I stayed away two weeks. I had left my baby, eleven months old with my son, Samuel, and his wife. He had learned to walk while I was away. My sister, Sarah, came to Provo to visit. Elvira asked a neighbor of ours that she happened to meet if he would tell me Sarah was in Provo and wanted to see me. Later he said he had forgotten. We knew nothing about her being in Provo until after her death. She died very suddenly and her husband married again within three months. She was a real Mormon. When she wanted to be sealed to her parents, he would not let her, but we have now done her work for her.

My mother, Elvira Derby Mechem died April 28, 1886 at Provo. Grandmother Pernella Chapman died May 19, 1886 at Heber.

INCIDENTS OF HOME LIFE

I often gave tea made of dill leaves to the children for colic. When *Polly May* was sixteen months old, I put her to sleep and went

to water the garden. I felt uneasy about her and kept asking the girls if she was all right. They always said she was sleeping. I ran in the house. Her feet and hands were swollen, looked as if they were ready to burst open. My husband had gone to Provo Canyon for a load of lumber. I wanted to send for him. A neighbor said he would send a boy on a horse. I called Brother John Parcell and D. H. Greer to administer to her and she was much better. Then I began to worry about my husband coming home in the dark, as the canyon road was bad and dangerous. I could not sleep thinking of that. At daybreak the next morning he was home; said the boy did not come for him, but he felt that something was wrong and came home.

When Anna was a very young girl, she got kicked by a cow and was nearly killed, but Faith saved her. Then came the Grippe; she was very sick. It had been the wet rainy winter of 1888, so much mud we could hardly go from one house to another. Nearly everybody was sick and many died. Mary Batty's little girl died suddenly. My son Moses lost a little girl. There were not enough well people to take care of the sick. Clinton was not sick; he took care of our stock, and helped other people with their work. My husband was not well but he took care of our children and I was out working with the sick day and night. I became sick but I would not give up until one night as I was leaving John Cook's home, where they had just lost a child, I sat down to get warm, and when I went to get up, I could not. I did not eat anything for two days. When I was a little better, John Sweet came and begged me to go to his home. He had lost one child and another was very low, but I was not well enough to go. Then my son, Moses, took very sick, and sent for me. Jasper wrapped me up in bedding and took me in a sleigh. I think the fresh air did me a lot of good. On our way home, we met John Sweet; he begged again for me to go to his home. He said that his wife knew if I would come, her child would live. Jasper told me to go, but to be sure to get home before it turned cold, but as we stepped inside John's house, the child breathed its last.

There was no one to help, so I stayed and with the help of Joe Keller, got the child ready for burial. Jasper was worrying about me, and came and met me. He took me and put me to bed; thank goodness, there were no bad after effects and I was soon all right again. Anna was not entirely well after she married. She had gone to an entertainment, worn a light dress and no wrap. She caught a cold and was very sick. The Elders came and administered to her. She grew worse; her mother-in-law said to get all the Elders we could, but I said no, let her husband, father, and brother Jasper, administer to her. They did and she began to get better. She told me after that she was glad when the three administered to her for when so many placed their hands on her, it felt as if they were pulling her apart, and also she knew there was no unity among them.

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I often gave tea made of dill leaves to the children for colic. When *Polly May* was sixteen months old, I put her to sleep and went

to water the garden. I felt uneasy about her and kept asking the girls if she was all right. They always said she was sleeping. I ran in the house. Her feet and hands were swollen, looked as if they were ready to burst open. My husband had gone to Provo Canyon for a load of lumber. I wanted to send for him. A neighbor said he would send a boy on a horse. I called Brother John Parcell and D. H. Greer to administer to her and she was much better. Then I began to worry about my husband coming home in the dark, as the canyon road was bad and dangerous. I could not sleep thinking of that. At daybreak the next morning he was home; said the boy did not come for him, but he felt that something was wrong and came home.

When Anna was a very young girl, she got kicked by a cow and was nearly killed, but Faith saved her. Then came the Lagrippe; she was very sick. It had been the wet rainy winter of 1888, so much mud we could hardly go from one house to another. Nearly everybody was sick and many died. Mary Batty's little girl died suddenly. My son Moses lost a little girl. There were not enough well people to take care of the sick. Clinton was not sick; he took care of our stock, and helped other people with their work. My husband was not well but he took care of our children and I was out working with the sick day and night. I became sick but I would not give up until one night as I was leaving John Cook's home, where they had just lost a child, I sat down to get warm, and when I went to get up, I could not. I did not eat anything for two days. When I was a little better, John Sweet came and begged me to go to his home. He had lost one child and another was very low, but I was not well enough to go. Then my son, Moses, took very sick, and sent for me. Jasper wrapped me up in bedding and took me in a sleigh. I think the fresh air did me a lot of good. On our way home, we met John Sweet; he begged again for me to go to his home. He said that his wife knew if I would come, her child would live. Jasper told me to go, but to be sure to get home before it turned cold, but as we stepped inside John's house, the child breathed its last.

There was no one to help, so I stayed and with the help of Joe Keller, got the child ready for burial. Jasper was worrying about me, and came and met me. He took me and put me to bed; thank goodness, there were no bad after effects and I was soon all right again. Anna was not entirely well after she married. She had gone to an entertainment, worn a light dress and no wrap. She caught a cold and was very sick. The Elders came and administered to her. She grew worse; her mother-in-law said to get all the Elders we could, but I said no, let her husband, father, and brother Jasper, administer to her. They did and she began to get better. She told me after that she was glad when the three administered to her for when so many placed their hands on her, it felt as if they were pulling her apart, and also she knew there was no unity among them.

My husband was on the School Board without pay until a state law was passed to pay the School Board for their work. Then there was so many that wanted the job, he stepped aside. When they decided to pay the Watermaster, others wanted the job, and he stepped out and let them have it. The new Watermaster came and asked me for the pay for the water. I told him my husband was not home, and that he would have to wait and see him. He said he could not wait and wanted to have the money. I told him my husband had been Watermaster for thirteen years without pay, and why should he be in such a big hurry. He said, "If your husband was foolish enough to work for thirteen years without pay, well I'm not." I said, "Well, you can just wait until my husband comes home."

We took care of the meetinghouse for awhile, but when our first pay came, I could see that it was not all there. I asked the Brother who gave me the money about it. He said, "We took the tithing out." I spoke up a little quick and said, "We have always paid our tithing and this looks as if you are forcing us to pay." Wilford was a small boy when we were taking care of the meetinghouse. His father was sick, and I said I would go and do the work myself. Wilford spoke up and said he could help me. At the meetinghouse was a stepladder. He climbed up on the ladder and it fell over on him. After that he had a pain in his chest. When he was about fifteen years old I saw him take a cup of vinegar and drink it. I told him he should not do that as it was not good for him. He said that he had been drinking it for a long time and that he did not have the pain in his chest any more. When he was one year old, I was doing some sewing and had about a dozen buttons on the table. Someone called me and I went to see what they wanted and when I returned the buttons were gone and I never did find them. I asked him where they were and he just put his fingers in his mouth. That fall he took sick and bloated so bad that he could hardly get up when he was down. We gave him medicine for worms, but nothing seemed to help him. The older boys wanted to take him to Salt Lake City for a doctor, but I was afraid of an operation. I was just about to give in, when Aunt Polly came, and I asked her what I could do for him. She said to rub him with consecrated oil, rubbing down all the time. I rubbed him several times a day. I prayed that he would not have to be operated on and that I might know what to do for him. While I was rubbing him one day, I happened to remember what I gave my older children for worms. I went at once and fixed some, and he was soon well and out playing.

A BUSINESS DEAL

When my husband took sick, we had a few cows, but Wilford was too small to look after them, so we let Jasper, Jr., take them on shares for four years. When the four years were up, we decided to sell the cows, and I said jokingly, that I might get hurt if we kept the cows, but if I looked after the chickens, I would not get hurt. The

next morning I went to feed the chickens. I had a pail of water and a bucket of wheat. I fell on one of the buckets and broke three ribs and sprained my back. Jasper went fifteen miles to get a doctor, but he would not come. I put on my corsets and laced them up tight and left them on for six weeks. We went to Provo and on our return found Wilford badly hurt; one of the town boys had hit him in the head with a rock. He was unconscious when we got home. We prayed for him and he was soon all right. I told one of my girls who was nearly grown to do something; she said she would not do it. I said, "You will do it, and just as I said" and she did. I left her crying and came back in a short time. She was gone; no one had seen her. We were afraid she had run away, but later we found her behind the door, asleep.

When my husband was a small child in dresses, he ran under an axe his father was using and it cut a large gash in his head and left a scar that you could place a finger in. His folks thought he was all right, but according to my Doctor Book, it and other troubles caused his sickness and death. The book said fifty years after a bad accident to the head, with other troubles, may cause diabetes.

My husband and a friend went together on a homestead. This practice was quite common in the early days of Utah; one would file on the ground, and the other would pay the expenses, each one improving his part and when the first one got his deed from the government, he would give the other a deed for his part of the farm. Jasper let Jasper, Jr., have twenty acres of his share. We sold some cows to get the deed from the government, but when he got the deed, he would not give us a deed, saying the land was his. We told the Ward teachers, they told the Bishop; there was a Bishop's court, and the verdict was, "that land belonged to your friend and he can do as he pleases with it." We should have taken our case higher up in the Church, but we did not. We could have taken it to law; we decided not to. One of the Stake Presidents came to our house one Sunday and he said to us, "He has taken your land from you, and I tell you he will never enjoy it," and I know he never did. My husband felt so bad he took sick and was sick the rest of his life. One day while cutting hay for our son, Samuel, he took a sunstroke and nearly died.

We had some milk cows but no hay for them. We sold most of them, then Jasper and our youngest son hauled hay for Sam Nichols; they were getting every seventh load to bring home. They worked from early morning till late at night but they brought a load home every night. That was the last time he worked. One day my husband was reading in my doctor book and read what it said about diabetes. I had tried to keep him from seeing the book, as I had already read what it said. Then people would say to me, "It is a wonder that you did not apostatize after the way your friend and Bishop treated you," but with us the Church is bigger than any man or set of men.

My husband had been sick three years, we had very little to live on. Sarah Minerva had gone to stay with Jasper's sister, Minerva Wentz, in Provo. For days at a time we did not have enough to eat; for two weeks all the bread we had was bran or shorts; they are the by-products of wheat. A neighbor came and paid us a small sum of money she owed us. My husband went to the Bishop and paid his tithing. We had good bread once more, as Jasper stopped at the store and got some flour and a few other things.

A NEW WAY

I was very discouraged. I was praying to know what to do. A Mrs. Wilson came to see me; she asked me why I did not sell jewelry. She said she had just received a shipment, and would loan them to me. I started out the next day, did very well around our neighborhood; then I went to Provo Bench. The first place I went a man came to the door and said I looked like a tramp. I told him I was not a thief or a beggar, "I am only trying to make a living—now can I speak to your wife?" She came to the door and I asked if she would be so kind as to look at my wears—ribbons, handkerchiefs and jewelry. She said, "I have to work for my living and have not the time to look." We had been very good friends before my husband took sick; but we were destitute; they were turning their back to us. I went across the road. The lady bought some rings, the first I had sold that day. I started to go to Provo, then I turned and went back to a tree, kneeled down and prayed as I had never prayed before, asking the Lord if there was some other way for me to make a living.

Shortly after, my brother-in-law came to see us, Joseph Boren. He said to me, "Why don't you start up a grocery store?" I told him I did not have the money, and if I did have the money I would not know how to run a store. He said, "Sure you can!" I got to thinking it over and prayed about it. I told my husband and Jasper, Jr., what I was thinking about. Next day our milk check of four dollars came, and a lady who owed me four dollars paid me. Jasper, Jr. let me have five dollars.

Next morning I took my son, who was about twelve years old, and went to Heber, bought groceries and came home and sold them all that night for seventeen dollars. My son and I went back again to Heber the next morning. I had a talk with Joseph Hatch and Mark Jeffs of the two leading stores of Heber; they said they would give me twenty per cent off on the things I bought, and I sold them at the same price they were sold in Heber. The people were very good to us. They would order the things they needed, and we would get them on the next trip. We handled some hardware, dry goods, groceries, notions, shoes and medicine. In a short time, I had a counter put in the room we had been using for a kitchen, then we had shelves put up and it began to look like a real store, and within the year

we moved to the largest room in the house. I bought butter, eggs and chickens and sold them to John Greer, who took them to Park City. I then started to buy grain, taking it to Heber. We were making two trips to Heber a week. We were doing very well financially, but my husband was getting weaker, and suffering untold agony, and we were unable to do anything for him. One day he went to Heber with me. On our return, just leaving Heber, he took sick and wanted a drink of water. There was no water until we got to Charleston. He was so sick I did not think he would live until we got home. He got worse on the road; no one can ever know the feeling of riding at the side of one they love, not knowing what minute he might die. We were in a wagon with a heavy load and were only making about six miles an hour.

Then one day my husband was walking in the store, and fell as if he were dead. We carried him to bed and he came out of it in a short time; that is the way it was with him. He would take sick all at once, and one would think he could not live an hour; then he would come out of it and feel fine, in just a short time. I cannot understand how diabetes can be so severe, then so calm, like a March blizzard. Elvira came to see us, and while she was with us, Jasper drank some milk at 6 P.M. He never could drink milk but he wanted it so bad. He took sick at 10 P.M. Elvira thought he was dying. She stayed until 2 A.M. He seemed to be feeling better so she went to bed. When she got up in the morning, Jasper was out in the yard walking around.

One day Doctor Green was in town and heard of my husband and came to him. He told him to get some beans and roast them and make a coffee and drink it. It seemed to help for awhile, but he got so he could not drink it. We got a sack of Robstow's flour. He ate it for quite a while and we thought he was going to be all right; then one day it made him deathly sick, and he could not eat it again. I tried to be careful what I cooked for the children, as we did not want to eat food that we knew he craved.

MR. BOLEY, A FRIEND INDEED

John Greer, the man who had been buying my butter and eggs, came and told me the market was overstocked and he would be unable to take my butter and eggs until the market got better. I had seven cases of eggs and one hundred pounds of butter and no place to sell them. I was feeling very downhearted, when a lady from American Fork came in the store; I told her my troubles. She said she was sure I could sell them at American Fork. I said, "If there is any chance of selling we will go in the morning." The lady said she would like to go with us as she wanted to go home. We left the next morning before daylight. When we got to American Fork the lady took me to E. H. Boley, who had a meat market and grocery store. She introduced

me to Mr. Boley. I told him what I had to sell. He said, "My good lady, the market is overrun with farm produce, I would like to buy, but I just can't do it." I turned and started out, when he said, "Mrs. Boren, are you a widow?" I could not speak, but the lady who took me to see him said to him, "Mr. Boley, this lady is worse off than a widow; she has a sick husband and a family to keep." Mr. Boley said, "I have never refused to help a widow, and I am not going to refuse you; I will take your butter and eggs, and next week bring me some more, and I will take all you can bring me."

My prayers were answered and I did not forget to thank my Heavenly Father that night before I went to sleep. We bought a load of groceries from Mr. Boley. The next morning, at daylight, we were on our way home. That night people came to see if we had sold our butter and eggs; when I told them we had and we could sell all we could get, they were all happy as there was no other place they could sell. The next week we took a load of butter and eggs and chickens to Mr. Boley and bought some more groceries. He asked me if I could sell dishes and granite-wear. I told him I had no money to buy a stock of dishes. He said he had a large stock on hand, and if I wanted to, I could take them and pay when I had sold them. I thanked him and took a good supply. I soon sold them and made a good profit. Mr. Jackson had a shoe store and hearing of me from Mr. Boley, asked me to sell shoes for him. I accepted his offer, and made good on shoes. Then S. L. Chipman asked me to sell ladies' and children's apparel. I accepted his offer. We were now very busy going to American Fork once and twice a week, taking veal, pork, chickens, butter, eggs and grain, bringing back the things that were needed in the store, and then we would make one trip to Heber a week.

ON THE DUGWAY

One day while returning from Heber, the draw bolt that holds the tongue to the wagon, broke while coming down the hill we call McAfee Hill. The horses got away. The wagon was slowly running down the hill. I jumped out, turned the front wheels; the wagon went off into the sagebrush and stopped. We had a heavy load and if I had not succeeded in turning the wheels of the wagon out of the road, it would have gone over an embankment and caused a lot of damage. Mr. James Sabey lived at the bottom of the hill. He took his horses and got the wagon on the road. Said he would take me until we met Wilford as he had gone to find the horses. He walked all the way home, about five miles. When he got there the horses were not home, so he got Clinton and they came back after me. Mr. Sabey and I did not get far, when we saw our horses off the side of the road in some willows. Mr. Sabey got them and put them on my wagon. I told him I could go home alone, and thanked him for what he had done for me. It soon got so dark that I could not see the road. I had

to let the horses go and hoped they would keep on the road and the things I imagined were awful. I saw a light coming, then soon I saw it was Clinton and Wilford with a lantern and I cannot begin to tell how glad I was to see them.

My husband was feeling fairly well one day and said he would like to go with me to American Fork. We had no way to bank our money, so we had to carry it along with us, and sometimes it was a nice sum. When we got part way, in Provo Canyon, a man stepped in front of the horses with a gun in his hand and told us to stop. I thought he was after our money, sure, but he asked if we had seen some horses, said he had lost his. We told him we had not. He had just killed a wild chicken and asked us if we wanted it. We took it and roasted it for our dinner.

One day my little boy and I were on the long dugway and met some wagons. We tried to get them to stop where there was plenty of room for us to pass, but they kept on coming. I asked them to back up a little ways but they would not, said there was plenty of room to pass. When we tried to get back on the road we could not. Another wagon came along; the man came and helped us. He and I stood on the upper side of the wagon to keep it from tipping over, and Wilford drove the horses and wagon down into the willows, went along the river for about two hundred yards and then got back on the road. Another time my little grandson was with me and on a long dugway we saw a wagon coming. I waved my hand for him to stop, as there was no place to stop where we were, but he kept on coming. I kept on the upper side—which was my side. He came and said, "Lady, you will have to take the other side, as I have a load and cannot take the lower side." I told him I had a load, too, that he should have stayed on the other end of the dugway and waited for us. He said, "Well, you will have to get on the lower side." I said, "I am on the upper side and I am going to stay here till someone comes and we will see who is going to the lower side of the road." Just then a wagon came in sight. He got in his wagon, got around me and went without another word.

I had a two-seated buggy and sometimes I would go to Heber in it. My daughter, Zora, went with me one day and as we were on a long stretch where there were no houses, we saw a man limping along as if in much pain. He stopped us and asked how far it was to the next town, then he asked us for money, saying he had a bad accident and must go to California where the doctor said he could get well. I knew he was not telling the truth. Then he asked if we would only give him twenty-five cents. I said, "People without money cannot give it." He said he had left some papers at the house where he stayed the night before and would we be kind enough to let him ride back with us. He got in the back seat and asked if we were going to Heber to buy supplies. "That all depends if our credit is good," I said. He asked me to stop and let him out—the people could send

him the papers. As he walked away he could walk as good as anyone. I always thought he had a gun as his coat hung to one side as if he had something heavy in it. When we got home that night we were told that he had come to Wallsburg and went to Mrs. Robert Glenn's and asked to stay the night. She told him her husband was not home and he would have to go some place else. He said, "So much the better." She screamed, a neighbor heard her and came running to see what was wrong. The stranger saw him coming and ran away and no one saw him again. Mrs. Glenn said she learned never to tell a stranger that her husband was away. Another time I went to Heber alone and a man pulled his wagon across the road to stop me, but I drove off out of the road going through sagebrush. I got around him and back in the road. He followed me, but my horses were too fast for him. He soon stopped, turned around and started back. I was afraid he might be waiting for me on my way back home, but I got there all right and said I would never go alone again.

WILFORD HEALED BY FAITH

On Saturday afternoon, late in August 1897, my son Wilford, who was not quite fourteen years old, carried some thirty-odd sacks of grain, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds each from the granary to a high wheeled wagon. We were going to American Fork early Monday morning, and not wanting to work on Sunday, he got ready to go Saturday. The next day he went swimming with some other boys. The next day we were in American Fork by 2 P.M. We got ready to return home the following day and I could see there was something wrong with Wilford. I asked him if he was sick. He said his back was burning but said it would be all right by morning. He would not eat his supper. I wanted to call a doctor. He did not sleep that night and the next morning he could not eat. I said I *would* get a doctor but he said no, he wanted to go home. We started, but the pain was so bad that we had to go slow; instead of getting home at 4 P.M. we got home at 11 P.M. The folks got to worrying not knowing what had happened. Clinton came to meet us and I was sure glad to see him. When we got home we carried Wilford to bed where he stayed for the next six weeks. I asked him when his back started to hurt and he said just after he went swimming. I then asked him why he did not tell me and we would not have gone to American Fork. He said, "I know how hard you are working, and I want to help you." How that went to my heart! Most boys his age would play sick to get out of work, but not Wilford. He was always happy when he was working. We had the Elders come and administer to him. He seemed to feel better for a short time, then the pain got worse and he got weaker. One night Zora and I were sitting up with him when the pain was so bad. I knew he could not stand it very long. I went to his father, who was also sick, and asked if he could come and administer to him. When he took his hands off Wilford's

head, he said, "He is going to get well." There was a swelling on his back the size of a goose egg. It came to a head but would not break. After waiting a few days, Bishop F. A. Fraughton came and lanced it. He felt much better and the pain left, but the wound would not heal. In March 1898, two missionaries came to Wallsburg Y.M.M.I.A. They came to our home often. Jasper and Wilford looked forward to their visits. One evening, Sarah (Mina) came home from meeting and said the missionaries were leaving Wallsburg, but they would come and see us before they left. Wilford said to me, "Mother, I have been thinking; if the missionaries would administer to me and anoint my back, I believe it will heal." After that it was soon healed and he was helping me again.

THE PARTING

My husband seemed to feel better at times, then he would be so sick one would think he could not live another day. One day when he was feeling much better, a doctor came to see a neighbor, and hearing about my husband, came to see us. Said he had cured many a person of diabetes. He talked so nice we decided to try his remedy, but his first treatment nearly cost my husband his life. We all thought he was dying. I heard my youngest daughter crying and went to her. She said, "Oh, why did we ever trust that doctor. It is awful that father had to suffer so. Why did that doctor do this to him?" The Ward fasted and prayed for him. Sister Alice Cook came in and told me that she and the children were praying for him every day. One day he said, "I wish the people would not pray for me to live, for I know I shall not get well; it is very kind of them but I know it is of no use." We had always had a happy home, but at times I thought he was displeased with me. One day he called me to his bedside and said, "At times I am cross and I can hardly help speaking cross to everyone. Now, if I seem cross to you, I hope you will forgive me. There is one thing I am very thankful for; I have always tried to be kind to you and the children." To hear those words from him made me feel so good, for I always knew he would never hurt us in any way, if he could possibly help it. At one time tears came to his eyes as he said, "I never thought it would end like this. I should be supporting you and the children, and you have to support us, and it hurts to think I can do nothing about it."

I had not been to American Fork for some time on account of Jasper being so sick and I did not want to leave him. The children had been going and doing very well, but my husband said he was feeling better and I had better go to American Fork and stock up on some of the things the children were unable to buy. So the next morning I was up at 3 A.M. getting ready to go. Jasper said he would play lazy and not get up for breakfast. Of course, he had not been up for breakfast for a long time; but when breakfast was ready he came to the table and said he wanted to eat with us again.

He laughed and talked like he did years ago before he was sick. I was so happy to think he was feeling so good and I was dreaming all the way to American Fork and hoping that we might enjoy life together for many more years. The people in American Fork were glad to see me, and they all asked about my husband, and I was so glad to tell them how much better he was.

We got our wagon loaded and was all ready to return the next morning, when one of the clerk's at Chipman's store came and said they had a telephone call and my husband wanted me to come on the night train. I left Wilford to bring the wagon the next day. My son Jasper met me at the railroad station, said his father was a little better, but when I got home he did not know me for three days. He lived for six weeks, could not help himself—just got weaker and weaker. He could not eat but wanted to drink water all the time and he could not talk above a whisper. At the end he seemed to want to talk, but we could not understand what he was trying to say. I would not let him go. I kept praying for his recovery. My sister, Donna, came from Provo to see us. After seeing how he was suffering and how I was praying for his recovery, she said to me, "Lucina, if Jasper was well and was called on a mission, would you say he could not go? He has been sick for seven years and his work on earth is done. He is wanted on the other side. If I were you, I would have him dedicated to the Lord and say 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' and save him from any more suffering." He had been so melancholy and wanted to die. I sent for Elders W. G. Nuttall and J. L. Parcell. As they prayed he changed, and looked so happy and died so peacefully without suffering any more. He was a man of few words and many good deeds. At his funeral it was said there was nothing dishonest about him. He was not made to be a preacher, but when there was work to be done, he was always there. Men came to him for counsel and advice; he was a student of the Book of Mormon; few people knew that book better than he did. I felt very bad because I did not kiss him before he was buried, so one night, he came to me and kissed me and said, "Don't feel bad any more."

BOTH MOTHER AND FATHER

I was now alone with my three youngest children. I felt if I could only teach them the way their father would have, and I knew I had a great responsibility resting on me. Jasper told me, just before he passed on, "to keep Wilford at home and he will be a good man, but if he leaves home and gets in bad company, he will be bad, too, for he is easily led." His chums told him that he was tied to his mother's apron strings. He started to go out at night and sometimes stayed out very late which grieved me much. One night I asked him to stay home as it was lonesome for me. He said there was nothing to do at home. I asked him what he was doing when he went out. He said they played cards. I told him I would get some cards and

we would play at home, which we did. Then he began to read books. It was so good to have him home with me. One night he went to Priesthood meeting; I asked him to come home as soon as the meeting was over. He said he would, but at bedtime he still was not home. I went to bed but could not sleep. I got up and went to his room thinking maybe he had come in and I did not hear him. He was not in his room and I was hurt because he had broken his word as he had never broken a promise before. I sat down to wait for him. He soon came in and said that the Bishop had asked him and some of the other boys to wait as he wanted to talk to them. He talked so nice to the boys that they stopped using tobacco and left off other bad habits. Wilford was soon ordained a Priest, then on February 8, 1904, he was ordained an Elder and later became president of that quorum.

In April, after my husband died, I was called to wait on the sick and caught cold. I would not give up but kept right on working. There was a brother came to town with a show. The children wanted to go but would not go without me, so I went. They had a phonograph, the first one to appear in Wallsburg. I could not listen to it, it made me nervous. I went home and went to bed and did not get up again for three months. I did not want to live. I did not believe in doctors, so would not have one. I felt my work was done on this earth, that I had had enough trouble. On July 5, 1901, everyone thought I was dying and sent for all the children. Sister Wagstaff came to see me; said that my kidneys had lost all action. She gave me hot cream-of-tartar tea and put a poultice of flaxseed and mustard on my back. It soon gave me relief. My sickness was caused from a bad tooth; came nearly having the lockjaw; could not put a knife between my teeth for two months. My face gathered and turned to blood poison. All the nourishment I had was milk and liquor.

One day, Sarah (Mina) came to my bed and said Uncle Louis was in the store and asked if I wanted him to come and administer to me. I said I did not care to live, I was so tired and lonesome; it would be mockery to have the Elders, feeling the way I did; but she cried and begged me, so I said to bring him. He pronounced a great blessing on me; he said I must live as I had a great work to do. Then I prayed that I might live to do the work I had to do and to finish the work I was sent on earth to do. The next Sunday two missionaries came and I asked them to administer to me. They promised me I would live. From then on all my prayers were to live just as long as the Lord wanted me to. One night after I had prayed for wisdom, I felt that I should send Wilford to school at the B.Y.U. at Provo. When I spoke to him about it, he said he would not go and leave me with all the work; but later we decided for him to go and stay with two sons of J. A. Mecham who were going to school. Then the Bishop came and said I should send May to school, too. I told him that if I should send May, I would send Mina, too. I sold the store and went to Provo to live. I sold to Daniel Bigelow. He promised

to rent my house. He soon moved the store to another building and Annie, my daughter, and family moved in my home. The following spring her children took sick. The doctor said it was diphtheria. He was intoxicated when he came to see them and did not know what he was saying, for I know it was measles. Four of her children died. The County Commissioner ordered the house fumigated and all contents burned. I paid for the damage done; it was a big loss to me. The children and I were quarantined in Wallsburg, as everyone was. When we were turned loose the children had lost so much time Wilford would not go back to school. I went to see President George H. Brimhall and told him how it was he was not in school. He said he was sorry as Wilford was a good student and had the making of a good man. Ephraim Boren, my husband's brother, took Wilford to teach him the carpenter trade. He paid him a small wage. He worked all summer but could not get along with Ephraim's wife, so he quit work. We then decided to go back to Wallsburg. We arrived at our home late at night, and when we went to make a fire, we found the chimney was full of mud that had been put there when they fumigated and we had to go to bed cold and hungry.

A TRIP TO IDAHO

Arthur Snow came to Wallsburg with us and the next day my daughter, May, was married to him at my son's place. They went to Provo to live. Wilford wanted to go to Montana to work, but I persuaded him to stay with me, and I told him I would find something for him to do.

Wilford and I went to Idaho. I wanted to see my sisters, Polly and Celestia, and thinking I might find a place to start a store. We took the train to Provo. When we got to Salt Lake we had to wait for the train going to Preston, Idaho for eight hours. We arrived at Preston that night at midnight. My nephew Clinton Mecham, was sheriff, so I called him on the telephone. He came and got us. We stayed at his place that night and the next day he took us to Celestia, who lived on Bear River, just north of Preston. My sister was very happy to see us. We stayed at her place a day or two, then took a white-top buggy and went to Marsh Valley, about thirty-five miles north. We started early in the morning as it was a long drive for the horses. We stopped at Swan Lake and fed the horses, and had lunch, then we went on to Downey. Wilford went in the store and asked about the road to Polly's. They did not know Polly, but told him how to get down on the marsh. We were to take the second road to the left. When we got to the first road, Celestia said it was the right road. I said it was only the first road, but she insisted it was the right road, so we took it. When we got to the marsh it was getting dark. Wilford went to a farmhouse and asked about Polly. They did not know her. Wilford asked if they would put us up for the

night. They said they could not, but the next house had plenty of room and would take us in; but when we got there, they were filled up, and had no room for us. They said the next house would let us stay overnight. When we got there, they had sickness and could not let us stay overnight, but said to try the next house about half a mile. It was now dark. Wilford went to the house and asked the man if we could stay overnight. He said he had no room. Wilford told him his aged mother and aunt were so tired traveling all day, and that we had stopped at the other places, and none of them could take us in for the night. He called his wife, and after talking it over between themselves, they said we could stay and rest, but the lady was too tired to get us anything to eat. After Wilford had fed and watered the horses, she gave us a cold lunch. We told her it was kind of her and said if it was all right with her, we would pay her and leave at daybreak the next morning. She said we should stay for breakfast as it was twenty miles to Polly's place. She told us where Polly lived and how to get there. We were to take the bottom road along the marsh for about eighteen miles, where we would find a small schoolhouse. Then turn left and go about three miles and we would be at Polly's house. We rode until about 10 o'clock and could not find the schoolhouse. Wilford saw some men in a field about half a mile away. He went and asked them about the schoolhouse. They said we had passed it about three miles. We went back and got to Polly's in time for dinner.

Polly could not walk very well, so Celestia and Wilford each took an arm and helped her. It was one of the most enjoyable days of my life and the dinner was just grand; not having had anything to eat that day and very little the day before. We spent a few days at Polly's, then went back to Celestia's. On our way back we took another road along the west side of the valley. I said we should stay on the road we came on, as we might get lost if we tried another road; but we were lucky, we only got lost once, and that was just for thirty minutes. We arrived at Celestia's place in good time in the evening. I slept upstairs and Wilford slept on the porch. A bad windstorm came up in the night and I became frightened as a large tree was growing by my window. It did not look safe to me. The next morning the wind changed and came from another direction, and the tree fell over the milkhouse and broke it down.

After a few days' rest, we went to Riverdale to visit with some of my brother Samuel's children. We had a very nice visit with them. We went to Franklin to visit James Packer, the son of my sister Polly. Then we returned home after a very enjoyable visit, but I did not find a place to go into business.

ANOTHER STORE

We cut our visit short as we were looking for my son Jasper, who had been on a mission and was expected home at any time. I

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WILFORD MARRIES

Wilford was away thirty-three months, and it cost me one thousand dollars to keep him there. He came home December 7, 1907 and July 2, 1908, he was married to Emma L. Homberger of Leipzig, Germany. Sarah M. was married while Wilford was in Germany, so now all my children were married. I felt free to spend my time working in the Temple.

When Wilford was married we had a reception on the lawn and a large part of the people of Wallsburg was present, and everyone fell in love with his wife, Emma. I have often said that if ever there was a woman who was a saint, it was she; to see her was to love her. She was a first class dressmaker; at one time she did the sewing on a gown for the Queen of Saxony. She knew very little of house-keeping, but was very anxious to learn and was quick to catch on to everything. She had never seen a washing done, or bread, or butter made; she only watched me one time, then went ahead and did it all herself. She wrote her folks telling them of her American life. Her brother wrote back and said, "I can see you wading up to your knees and barefoot, in the corral, milking cows." She wrote and told him, "We do not go barefoot, nor wade knee-deep in the corral, and to tell you the truth, I have never been inside a corral; here in Utah a woman's place is in the home."

TEMPLE WORKER

Our first six children were not sealed to us, so I got them to go with me, one at a time, all but one and had them sealed to us. When Lorain was sealed to us, Sarah M. went with us to Manti. When we got there we had no place to go and while standing deciding what to do, a Brother John Whitbeck came and asked if he could help us. He felt sure we had come to work in the Temple. We told him we had and were looking for a place to stay. He took us to the President of the Temple where we made arrangements to stay. My recommend was to have been sent from Provo the week before, but for some reason had not arrived. Lorain could only stay two days and she wanted to be sealed to her parents, so we went to the President of the Temple and told him the situation. He asked if the two daughters had recommends. I told him they had. He wrote something on a piece of paper and told me to give it to the doorkeeper, which I did, and was admitted and the next Tuesday my recommend came. I had Lorain and my small child that died September 29, 1865, sealed to me. Brother Whitbeck learned that I had been a friend of his second wife, so he came to see us one evening, and it, being muddy outside, tracked some mud in the house. The next morning the landlady saw the mud and came right in and said we must use the back door and that we could not have any visitors. Sarah cried and said she would not stay and I left with her. We were going to stay a month but only stayed two weeks.

I went out nursing again for nearly a year, then my sister Donna, and I went back to Manti and worked all winter in the Temple. Brother Whitbeck had told me before I left Manti a year ago, that next time I came to Manti, I could have a room in his house. So before leaving I wrote him. His daughter answered my letter saying that her father had died. Then Donna wrote to the President of the Temple about a place to stay. He wrote back and said we could stay at his place, but when we got there we found that the rent was too high. We could not pay as much as they wanted. A sister came and said she had spoken to a Brother Fikstead and he said he would let us have a room, lights, and a cook stove for two dollars a month. We said it was too cheap and we would pay him more, but he said he was only too glad to have us in his house. He was very good to us.

We were preparing to spend the holidays in Provo and it was cold the morning we left Manti and Donna said, "If Brother Fikstead offers us coffee this morning, I think we should take it." I said that I did not want it, but sister Donna insisted, so I drank some, and when we got on the train we were both very sick all the way to Provo and for a long time after we could not smell coffee without getting sick. When we went back to Manti, Donna took her ten year old granddaughter with her and later her husband came. Donna could not do much as she was crippled and that left all the work for me to do and besides I was doing Brother Fikstead's washing. Donna got tired and went home. I stayed on three more weeks. When someone started to talk about Brother Fikstead and I going to be married, that made me homesick, and I told Sister Burt that I was going home. She tried to get me to stay, but I told her I had made up my mind to go home and was leaving at once. She told me that the Temple workers were planning to give me a party. I told her it was very nice to know that I made so many good friends, but I must go home. While in Manti I made quilts and rugs, sewed, and paid for some Temple work for some women who had passed away without having had the privilege of doing it for themselves. I gave two rugs to Brother Fikstead and one to Sister Peterson. I went to several parties in Manti and enjoyed them very much.

When Wilford came home from Germany, he had the names of eight women given him by an aged brother who was poor and could not pay for their work in the Temple; so I did the work for them and enjoyed it very much. I felt that my people could wait, as there was so many of us to do the work for them and no one to do the work for those women from Germany.

Later my brother, Moroni, and I went to Manti to work in the Temple. We went to Brother Fikstead for rooms; he gave us one. We returned to Provo for Christmas. After enjoying ourselves, we went back to Manti, but Moroni would not stay at Brother Fikstead's, so we went to Sister Lazenby, stayed two days, but we were not able to pay two dollars a day, so we hunted all over Manti, and could not

find a room. Then Sister Peterson came and said if Moroni would sleep in the hall, and if I could sleep with her two small daughters, we could stay with her. She was very good to us. Mrs. Harmon, a widow and owner of the hotel, started to go to the Temple. Then she asked us to go to the show with her, but we did not feel like going. Not long after, she asked us to go to masquerade ball. We went and had a good time; then one evening she came and asked us to spend an evening with her; we went and had a very pleasant time, and when we were ready to go, her daughter came in with a lunch, which was very nice. On our way home, I told Moroni to be careful or Mrs. Harmon would get away with him. He said, "Nothing doing!" as he had been fooled by one widow and was not going to be fooled again. He had married a widow in Jenson, Utah. After getting all she could from him, she went to see a daughter in a mining camp. When she had been gone about two weeks, she wrote and said she was not coming back as she was having too good a time where she was. (He later married Mrs. Harmon.) He had to leave to look after the spring work on the farm.

EMMA

Wilford had sold his farm in Wallsburg, and moved to Salt Lake. His wife did not feel well in Wallsburg, and the doctor said it was too high for her and advised him to take her away. He wrote me and asked me to come, and work in the Salt Lake Temple. I left Manti and on the way, the spring thaw had covered the railroad for a long way with water. The train was going very slow and I was looking out of the window at the water, when suddenly, I saw a most beautiful city; it was too grand to be of this world. I may have fallen asleep and dreamed, but to me it was real and I hope to see that city again, but not in this life. I stopped in Benjamin to see my daughter, Lorain. When I went to the train to go to Salt Lake City, it was one hour late, and when it came, two men jumped off; one took my suitcase, the other helped me on the train. They said they could not stop the train for fear it would not start again, and they had to get to Provo before they could get help. On arriving at Provo, I got off on the south side, instead of the north and walked a long way before I realized that I was lost. I stopped and looked around then recognized the east mountains and then saw I was going in the wrong direction. I turned around and went back. I was give out carrying my suitcase and not eating much breakfast, and now it was getting dark.

Wilford was in Provo to meet me; he wanted to get back home to Salt Lake, so we went on to Wilford's place, but when we got there the door was locked and no one was home. I stayed alone on the porch while he went to a friend's to get Emma.

When Emma's first baby came, she knew very little about children, so I took care of him, and I got as much pleasure out of doing it as if he had been my own. I worked in the Temple and when Emma

felt like going, I would stay with the children while she went. Wilford had not found work and Sister Harmon wrote me saying she would like to have me come and stay with her. I could work in the Temple, and when I was not in the Temple, I could answer the phone and she would pay me for it. I needed some new clothes. I went to Manti and stayed seventeen weeks. Wilford and Emma kept asking me to come home with them, so I went to Salt Lake. Wilford had found work and was doing fairly well. He was renting and paying twenty dollars a month. I saw in the paper some homes for sale, and handed it to him to read. He said he would like to see the place but could not leave his work. The next day, after my Temple work was done, I went to the Real Estate office that had the home for sale and asked about it. They said they would call after work and take us all out to see the place.

It was nearly new, four rooms and modern, a large lot and lawn. After talking it over, Wilford said he would buy it, and we moved right in. It was just out of Salt Lake, called Forest Dale. We liked it very much, and to see the children playing on the lawn was worth the price of the place. Emma's health was improving and we were all happy. One day the Elder that baptized her came to see her. She was singing "Love At Home." She had a beautiful voice. He said, "There is no need for me to ask you how you are. Hearing you sing that song the way you do tells me all I want to know, and I know that song came from the bottom of your heart." She said to him, "Why shouldn't it come from my heart? I have the best man on earth, the Gospel, and a good mother. I am very happy and have never regretted leaving my home and friends." Then Emma went to the hospital, she did not want to go, said she did not think she would ever come back, but the doctor said it was the only way her life could be spared. She begged to come home and said, "If you will take me home, Mother can cure me," but she could never be moved. Death came and relieved her of her suffering. I stayed with the children until Wilford married again.

LIFE IN SALT LAKE CITY

Wilford was hurt while working in the laundry and could not do heavy work. He took a job in the forest near Monticello. He told me to be ready to move if all went as he hoped it would. We would all live in Monticello. While getting ready to go to Monticello, I lay on the floor and went to sleep, and when I awoke the children were standing over me crying and one of them said, "Grandma, why did you sleep so long?" I got on the couch and lay there all night. The next day my son, Moses, and grandson, Ernest Glenn, came and Moses did the housework. Ernest had a bad leg and had to have it amputated. He never really got over it although he lived for some years afterwards. Wilford came home after being away for a month. His injury received in the laundry gave him so much pain he was sent

home for treatment. One day a man came and said he was the Water-master and that it was our turn to take the water. I told him I was home alone and could not take the water. He told me if I would pay him, he would water for me. I asked him how much it would be and paid him. He said he would go and get the water. He went and I never saw him or the water. When Wilford came home he told me never to pay until the work was done.

A neighbor came and asked me if I would look after her children while she went to the theatre. She asked me how much I would charge. I told her I did not charge a neighbor for doing a favor. As she was about to go, her sister came with a nine-months'-old baby. She said her baby would sleep until they got back from the theatre and she would go to the theatre, too. She did not ask if I would look after the child, just left it. She had not been gone but a short time when the baby started to cry, and being a stranger, I could not get it to stop. It cried so long, I became afraid and called the theatre. They said they would be right home. I waited and the baby kept crying. The last street car passed and they did not come. At 2 A.M. they came and the baby was still crying. She asked her sister if she had an old dress, as she could not take her baby with her nice dress on. I thought, "You wretch, where is your mother love?" After the theatre they had supper, not caring at all for the baby, and on top of all this, she never even thanked me for all I had done. Fine clothes on a woman of her class is like putting honey on stale bread.

Another time I stayed with two children while their mother went to the theatre; the three-year-old boy cried and did not want to be left; his mother whipped him and put him to bed, and he cried until she left. Then I went to his bed, put my arms around him and asked him if I could tell him a story. He said, "Yes," and stopped crying, and soon fell asleep. When the lady came home she asked if I had any trouble with the children. I told her none at all. A few days later those children asked their mother when she was going to the theatre. She wanted to know why they were asking, and they said, "So the good lady can come and tell us a story." I have always found that talking to a child in the right way is much better than whipping. I could always talk to those I loved, but to whip them, no. It hurt me much more than it did them.

I went to stay with Sister Teerlink and work in the Temple. I did not stay there long, as she went to Idaho on a visit, and when she came back, it was to get married. I then stayed with Sister Rand until she died. Then I went to stay with Sister Parchal. When I had been with her a month, I went to pay her for another month's rent, but she would not take rent from me. One day Wilford came and took me to see my niece, Viola Conover. She and her husband were sick, so I stayed with them for seven weeks. I went to the Temple three days each week. I went back to Sister Parchal. She had rented the room I had, and the only room she had was upstairs without a

stove, but I took it, eating cold food, which did not agree with me. Sarah M. wrote me and asked me to come and stay with her. She said she was worried, my living upstairs. The Temple work was done for all the women we had names for, so I went to Provo. I could have done work for other people, but Polly May was sick and when I went to see her, the doctor said I had done more for Polly May by coming than they could do. I stayed with her, and in February a fine boy came to her home, but he only lived thirty hours. I stayed with her for some time after, as she did not feel good.

Zora wrote me from Roosevelt, saying she was coming to go to the Temple and wanted me to go with her so she could be sealed to her father and me. Samuel was going, too, but could not get away. I had a stroke and thought I was dying. I prayed that I might live to see my children sealed to my husband and me. With the help of Zora and Sarah M. I went to the Temple and had Zora's work done. The next week Samuel and his wife came and we went to the Temple and he was sealed to us. Polly, Clinton's wife, wanted to go and do the work for her sisters, so I went with her. I wanted to stay and work in the Temple but could not get a place to stay. I paid to the Temple for work for twenty men. A Sister took me home with her where I stayed all night. The next morning her husband took me to the street car for Sandy where I caught a stage for Granite to see my daughter Lorain. It was a great surprise to her. I stayed with her seven weeks.

THE TWILIGHT YEARS

Then I came to Provo and stayed at Sarah M's, May's and Wilford's places. I could not content myself, so I went to Wallsburg and lived with Anna. She had a very nice house and I enjoyed staying there, but there was so many steps to climb. I went back to Provo; there I had a dream that bothered me much. I dreamed that I died while in Provo, and my folks had a very hard time getting through the canyon with me. So, I went back to Wallsburg and persuaded Clinton to build a room on the back of his house for me to live in. I had always said that as long as I had a son or daughter that would keep me, I would never live alone. But now I cannot stand the noise of the children. I want it quiet. I love to sit in the twilight ever since my husband died, thinking of the past and dreaming of the future. I now live in Wallsburg in the winter and after the high water is over in the spring, I go to visit my children in Provo and Granite and my grandchildren in Jordan and Riverton.

After I had a stroke I made rugs, quilts, knit and made lace. Clinton's wife, Polly, did my washing and ironing, and fixed me lunch every day. Samuel's wife baked my bread. Temp and Anna were too far away to come every day. My children and grandchildren were all very good to me. Most people never entirely recover from the flu,

but three months after I had the flu, I felt better than I had in years. I went to see Lorain, and one day they went to Salt Lake and I stayed alone and picked and put up twelve quarts of cherries. Lorain and Jim took me to Roosevelt to see my daughter, Zora. The trip was too much for me, and I did not feel so good. I had not made my trip to Provo, so I went and stayed seven weeks with my children and Donna. When I went back to Wallsburg it was storming and I caught cold. It settled in my side and hip; I was almost helpless for two months. Wilford and May came from Provo and the Boren Family was organized for Temple work.—*End of Journal*

DEATH OF LUCINA BOREN

Mother had been staying at my place for about two weeks. Saturday morning she said she would like to go and stay at May's and get ready to go to Salt Lake the following Wednesday to an Old Folk's Outing. We took her to May's that afternoon. Sunday she walked to John Ford's, one and one-half blocks from May's, ate dinner and walked back. After supper she walked around the yard looking at the flowers. She went into the house to take a bath. She took a stroke and died instantly on June 21, 1925. When she died she had ten living children, one hundred and two grandchildren, seventy-six great grandchildren and one great-great grandchild.

Her living children were William Jasper, Samuel L., Lucina Zora, Moses M., Lorain J., Clinton C., Anna Maria, Sarah M., Wilford W., and Polly May.

—*Sarah Minerva "Mina" Boren Mariotti and Wilford Wells Boren*

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM JASPER BOREN AND LUCINA MECHAM

William Jasper, born Apr. 11, 1860, Provo, Utah; died Apr. 4, 1926.
 Samuel Leroy, born May 8, 1861 at Provo, Utah; died January 14, 1942.
 Lucina Zora, born Oct. 1, 1862 at Provo, Utah; died Nov. 2, 1938.
 Melinda Elvira, born Sept. 20, 1864 at Wallsburg; died Sept. 29, 1865.
 Moses Marcus, born July 16, 1866, Provo, Utah; died Dec. 24, 1944.
 Lorain Jane, born Sept. 26, 1868 at Wallsburg; died Jan. 20, 1931.
 Clinton Coleman, born Oct. 22, 1870 at Wallsburg; died June 4, 1944.
 Anna Maria, born October 24, 1873 at Wallsburg; died Jan. 5, 1947.
 Alma Lionel, born June 5, 1875 at Wallsburg; died January 28, 1880.
 Ida Viola, born March 5, 1878 at Wallsburg; died January 20, 1913.
 Sarah Minerva, born November 18, 1881 at Wallsburg.
 Wilford Wells, born September 23, 1883 at Wallsburg.
 Polly May, born March 29, 1885 at Wallsburg; died April 20, 1941.



The Story of Utah's Canyons

PART I

FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God;
 Thou has made Thy children mighty,
 By the touch of the mountain sod;
 Thou has led the chosen Israel
 To freedom's last abode—
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our father's God.
 At the hands of the foul oppressors,
 We've borne and suffered long;
 Thou has been our help in weakness,
 And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;
 'Mid ruthless foes, outnumbered,
 In weariness we trod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
 Our God, our fathers' God.
 Thou has led us here in safety,
 Where the mountain bulwark stands,
 As the guardian of the loved ones
 Thou hast brought from many lands:
 For the rock and for the river,
 The valley's fertile sod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
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 At the hands of the foul oppressors,
 We've borne and suffered long;
 Thou has been our help in weakness,
 And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;
 'Mid ruthless foes, outnumbered,
 In weariness we trod;
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 Our God, our fathers' God.
 Thou has led us here in safety,
 Where the mountain bulwark stands,
 As the guardian of the loved ones
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